



THREE DOLLARS A YEAR

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

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THE MERMAID'S HOME.

'Twas not in the depths of the bright blue sea,
All along by the coral isles,
That the ocean maid appear'd to me,
With golden locks and witching smiles.

No syren to ce like a silver bell
Cried, 'Come and dwell with me, my love!
Our home shall be a coral cell,
Our sky the deep blue sea above.'

No—'twas within a case of glass,
In the depths of a sixpenny caravan,
Where with the sea nymph there was shown
A six-legg'd calf and a spotted man.

And harsh and gruff the voice that cried,
'A genu-ine mermaid to be shown—
Walk in, ladies and gentlemen!—
The hon'ly specimen hever known!'

Deceivers both! for a watery grave
Was his who believed the mermaid's gummon;
And this was a regular hoax, made up
Of the head of a monkey and tail of a salmon.

BALLAD.

My Jamie! thou wert kind to me,
When we were bairns together,
An' 'tis but right this hand should be
Thine ain, and that for ever!

But while 'tis press'd upon thy lips,
Oh, think ye frae this hour,
That where the bee its honey sips
It leaves unbroke the flow'r!

Remember that I leave my all,
And trust me to thy keeping,
An', let whatever may befall,
I'm thine through joy and weeping!

Through weal or woe, whate'er betide,
The vow for aye I've taken,
That binds me ever to thy side,—
Then leave me not forsaken!

My sisters gather round me now,
Their tears for me are falling;
I can but kiss each saddened brow,
For, Jamie! thou art calling.

I leave my happy home for thee,
The home we loved together;
For, Jamie, thou wert kind to me,
And I will love thee ever!

LADIES' LOGIC.

There is a sort of reasoning very prevalent in domestic circles, and especially amongst the female members of them, that may be called the non-sequential. It is a style of argument which, although perfectly satisfactory to the proposer, and to most of the household, is found, on being analysed, to be quite inconclusive. It consists either of a simple assertion, destitute of all support from evidence; or—in its more complicated form—of an argument, the first and last parts of which are not the faintest connexion. My fair friends must not imagine me too severe on this little peculiarity; which is, after all, an amiable weakness, often arising from a fervent impulse towards truth, and what they believe to be justice, which men—generally of colder, more calculating temperaments—do not possess. I only desire to extract a little amusement, or perhaps edification, out of a peculiarity which themselves will hardly deny forms a prominent characteristic of their sex.

Ladies' logic is, as above stated, of two kinds. The first is an asseverative substitute for argument, so frequently employed by the fair sex, that a proverb has truly designated it a woman's reason. Your wife, for instance, presents you with the draper's quarterly account for payment. You glance at it, and though you take a pride in seeing the chosen of your heart well dressed, yet the amount is startling. The lady sees a play of dissatisfaction hovering over your countenance, and divining the cause, thinks that it is hard to be thought extravagant, when she had, during the past three months, been unusually economical. She therefore determines, should there be a demur, to question your right of objection and investigation by resorting to the unanswerable woman's reason. 'How happens it, my love,' you ask, 'that the draper's bill is so much greater this quarter than it was last?'

'How happens it?' she repeats, 'because it is!'
'Because it is!' The assertion is unanswerable: it summarily cuts off discussion, and blows up the best-laid train of argument. However eloquent and convincing the rejoinder you had arranged in your mind, you feel it impossible to tail it on to 'because it is.' Before 'because it is' was uttered, it was a very pretty quarrel as it stood; but now it is no quarrel at all: the elements of disagreement are withdrawn. Your beloved opponent admits that the bill 'is' large. You cannot contradict that, because it forms the ground of your complaint; unless, indeed, you change sides, and contradict yourself. In short, you are as effectually disarmed as if you had—however 'cunning of

fence'—taken up a finely-tempered rapier to defend yourself against a bludgeon. One blow from the formidable club shivers your fragile foil to pieces, and leaves you at the mercy of your opponent.

To understand the full efficiency of 'because it is,' let us for a moment cast a glance back to the days of ancient schoolmen, and suppose some of them to have changed their sex. Imagine such lady logicians sticking their theses against college gates, and daring all comers to disprove them, in the manner of the admirable Crichton and the inimitable Gil Blas. Picture a whole class of capped and gown'd reasoners coming forth from the cells of learning, and assailing the aforesaid with catalogues of pithy 'whys' and hosts of pungent 'wherefores!' Fancy to bring the illustration more home to you—your wife 'gating' her linen-draper's bill at Trin. Coll. Cam, as a mathematical thesis, and, in answer to all the whys and wherefores, exclaiming, 'Because it is.' Why, the most senior wrangler himself could do, would be to sneer at it as an 'identical proposition,' and slink away to his rooms. Then what chance have you, my good friend? Believe me, only one available kind of rejoinder exists, and that is—Pay, and have done with it.

That, however, you may not take my dictum unsupported, or act upon the expensive advice without reason, let me calmly conduct you a few turns into the maze of dispute in which you will assuredly be involved should you make any other rejoinder. If you are so presumptuous as to reply in words, the lady will resort to the second sort of logic for which her sex is famous. She will cite a multitude of so-called reasons, which have no relevancy whatever, except in her own mind. Finding the links of a good argumentative sequence there, she will not condescend to take you along with her, but merely raps out the results of her rapid reasonings, as if she had never heard of such a thing as a non sequitur. Some day, about dinner-time, for instance, you will innocently ask, 'My dear, what o'clock is it?' and perhaps your wife's reply will be, 'Why, dinner was not ordered till six.' To your unsophisticated ears this is no reply at all; yet, if you follow the process of reasoning by which it was dictated, you will find it more or less in point. The truth may have been, that you put the query, it was a little after six, and your anxious wife mistook your inquiry for a piece of delicate satire on the unpunctuality of her domestic arrangements—as a hint that dinner ought to be then on table. With this little dive into her plan of ratiocination, the reply must be deemed more or less apt. But the case in hand—the draper's bill—will illustrate this branch of ladies' logic much more forcibly.

Having been signally beaten from your first position, you must needs take up a new one. Suppose you run over the items of the bill till you come to 'twelve yards of satin velvet, at 30s. per yard . . . £ 18,' and upon this frame a *visa voce* indictment, putting the first count into the mildest possible form—'Do you not think, dearest, that £ 18 is an extravagant price for a single article of dress?'—the defence is immediately entered upon. 'What! do you consider £ 18 for a Genoa silk velvet extravagant? Impossible! Why, did not you give seventy-five guineas for a park hack only last Thursday? And I should like to know what you paid for that Italian picture: I heard it was £200, though you were ashamed to tell me. Then there was the diamond clasp you gave to your sister on her birthday; I am convinced you did not get it under £25.'

It instantly strikes you that, according to the logic of the other gender, your laying out a few hundreds on horses, pictures, and diamonds, does not prove that £18 is cheap for your wife's velvet. You tell her this: she denies the conclusion, and demands that you shall make it good. Nothing can be easier, and, intreating the lady's attention, you pull out your pocket-book, and put down the terms of the argument in logical order on a clean leaf of assen'-skin.

PROPOSITION.—£18 for twelve yards of velvet is an extravagant price.

'But I say it is not,' urges the lady.

'Well, we shall see! Be patient, my dear, and let us proceed.'

OPPOSITION.—But to spend £300 on a horse, a picture, and a clasp, is also extravagance.

'Ah, you own that!' is the next interruption. 'Very well, then, with all your cleverness, see if I do not convict you out of your own mouth.'

'But the DEMONSTRATION comes next, love.'

'I'll demonstrate for you. Just tell me—and here the partner of your life assumes a look of triumph—'is not £300 more than £18? You can't deny it. Well, if it be extravagant to throw away £300, how can it be otherwise than economical to spend only £18?'

It is in vain that you endeavour to show the fallacy: useless are your efforts to impress upon her that velvet and horses, pictures and trinkets, have nothing whatever in common; consequently, what might be dear in one case, might be cheap in the other. Futile is all your trouble. Not Whately, nor Mill, not the senior wrangler of Cambridge, could reduce her triumph. The lady declares her logic to be unassailable, and you are obliged to take her word for it. You enjoy the joke, and—pay for it.

The rapid process of inexpressed thought, in which many of the fair sex indulge occasionally betrays them into the oddest specimens of inconclusiveness. When asked whether she could speak French, a lady once answered in my hearing, 'That she could not; which was rather remarkable, for her mother was born in the Mauritius.' This sounds ludicrous enough; but if what the speaker left out, be supplied, the answer is not irrational. The Island of Mauritius was formerly a French colony, and that language is still generally spoken there; consequently, it may have been the vernacular of the lady's mother; hence it was a little singular that the daughter should not have learned to speak French.

Ladies are little skilled in the mysteries of analysis. I complained one day of the leg of a lamb being—what it ought not to be; when my wife instantly put in the caveat, 'It cannot be—I bought it myself in the market only the day before yesterday.' Analysis would have here enabled her to see that the

date of putrefaction does not necessarily commence from the time of buying but from the time of the killing of the animal. On another occasion, the evening being very cold, I vainly endeavoured to coax a glow from the fire. "These are very bad coals," I remarked. "Bad coals!" repeated Mrs Peppercorn; "that cannot be. Why, we have dealt with the same man ever since we were married. Besides, is not he the coal-merchant to the Queen?" and you may be sure she would not employ him if he supplied a bad article. Then, again, most of our friends deal with the same man, and I have never heard a single complaint before. No, no; it is not the coals, my dear: perhaps the chimney requires sweeping, or the draught is stopped up." Finding it useless to contend against this sort of argument, I took a half-heated slate out of the grate, and went shivering to bed. The truth is, Mrs Peppercorn having in reality been well served by the coal merchant, had conceived a very good opinion of him, which she would not on any account—in spite of ocular demonstration and shivering experience—have disturbed.

A stronger exercise of this sort of logic was some time ago employed in a worse cause. There lived in our neighbourhood a solicitor of—as it is usual to describe persons like him—the utmost respectability. He was a most agreeable man in society. He told excellent stories excellently well. He gave parties; and was so uncommonly charitable to the neighbouring poor, that his name appeared at the top of the list of every public charity. The gossips never pronounced his name but they had something to say in praise of his conduct as a husband and a father. He went to church as regularly as the parish clerk. The confidence all the old ladies and gentlemen of his acquaintance had in him was so unbounded, that they intrusted him with their savings to invest, and people used to wonder how successfully he placed their capital, for he made it yield regularly five per cent. per annum. However, the morning after one of his most brilliant entertainments, his name appeared in the Gazette; and when he came to be examined before the commissioners, a career of hypocrisy and dishonesty so consummate was laid bare, that it made me shudder. Not so my wife, who, by the logic peculiar to her sex, strove to make out her friend the attorney a man more sinned against than sinning. "Why, when the old shoemaker's house was burnt down, did not he buy him a new set of tools?—the fact was so notorious, that it got into the papers;—then, do you think it likely he would have ruined those two poor orphan girls to whom he was guardian? As to his dishonesty, why, it was only last month he lost five games of sixpenny whist to me, and as he had no change at the time—did not he send round the half-crown before we were up the next morning? No, no; I am sure there is some mystery—something behind the curtain that we do not know." It was not till the betrayed orphans had got situated as nursery-maids, and three of our esteemed old neighbours had been driven by starvation into almshouses, through his deceitful speculations, that Mrs Peppercorn's convictions in favour of her friend the hypocrite were removed; and even then she seldom spoke of the man without adding, "Ah, darsay he was led into it somehow."

This is the sort of ladies' logic which give rise to endless inferences from one datum. If there be a single prominent good quality in an individual that is supposed to colour and influence his whole character, I have only to tell my wife that such a man is a disagreeable companion, and she will immediately contradict me by asking, "How can I say that, when he is so kind to his nephews?" How often do we hear the fair sex praise the sound doctrines and eloquence of an orator merely because he has a fine voice! *Something* pleases them, but they are not sufficiently analytical to trace whether it is the music of the voice or sound reasoning. I shall never forget being present at a discussion on one, perhaps, of the most eloquent preachers who ever stood in a pulpit. A lady remarked that she thought some of his doctrines were a little wild, and that his language was occasionally overstrained. "Dear me," said another, "I am surprised you think so, for finer hair, eyes, and teeth I never beheld!" This lady was perhaps but a poor judge of divinity or rhetoric, but on hair, eyes, and teeth, she was an authority. The effect of the preacher's discourses was extremely pleasing to her; and whether that pleasure arose from the handsome person and elegant delivery, or from the—in her estimation—subordinate qualifications of eloquence and sound doctrine, she could not determine.

In nothing is ladies' logic so strenuously employed as in persuasion, and in nothing does it show itself so characteristically. Some years ago my wife wanted to persuade me to dine at the supper, instead of the dinner time of day. Her reasons for the change were of the most feminine character. Convenience, health, and comfort were quite out of the question, but—"Sir Charles Grandier never thinks of dining till eight, and, in fact, there is hardly a family whom we visit that thinks of sitting down before seven."

The ladies will, I am sure, agree with me that that which we call logic is not their forte. Their powers of conquest over us are derived from other more potent sources—the convincing eloquence of their eyes, the irresistible persuasion of their smiles, to say nothing of their lips. But about them we dare not enter into farther particulars, except to observe, that nature never intended them for chopping logic.

SPAIN AS IT WAS, AND SPAIN AS IT IS.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.—SPAIN AS IT WAS.

THE COBLER OF SEVILLE.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh! San Francisco, my blessed patron!" exclaimed the unfortunate cobbler, as he turned his steps towards that quarter of the town called Santa Maria. "It is now that I most need thy assistance, and I ask thee for it from the depth of my soul! Do not refuse me, great saint, come to my assistance! Make known to me Don Herrera's murderer, and save my neck from the cord! It is an action worthy of thee, O my honoured patron, for in doing it thou savest an innocent man from the frightful fate which awaits him of giving up his soul on the gallows, and at the same time thou contributest to the punishment of an infamous criminal! Direct then my steps and my inquiries! I promise thee, if thou wilt hear me, nine days' devotion tapers, and ex voto; in short every thing that can gratify the vanity of a holy saint; and even if thou desirest, I will enter your order and dedicate to thee the life thou wilt have preserved! Amen!"

Tio Fraquillo having ended this fervent prayer, felt a little comforted. He thought that the great St. Francis could not resist his prayers, which were so fervent, or his pious promises, and that by his supernatural assistance he, Fraquillo, would not fail in soon putting his hand on the assassin, and in sending him to take the place he deserved opposite to the Palace of La Merced. Besides the time fixed by Don Pedro el Crudel left him nearly thirty-six hours to search for the culprit, and, however great the danger, it was useless to give himself up to fear and despondency before he had made the least exertion. He

therefore traversed with a certain degree of assurance the quarter Santa Maria, and entered the street where Don Bringas dwelt. A great crowd had assembled before the merchant's house, their looks full of curiosity, examining the spot stained with the blood of the unfortunate Herrera. The alguazils circulated amongst the crowd, looking with eager eyes in every face, listening to every word, in expectation of some revelation, some hint which would put them on the right track; but far from hearing anything, they were obliged to answer to the people's inquiries, who were eager to hear the particulars of this event,—the name of the murderer, and the day of the execution. As Fraquillo approached there was a dead silence, and every one turned towards him, hoping to obtain some official knowledge. The alguazils drew near to him with consternation painted on their countenances.

"Well, my little friends," said the cobbler, imitating the tyrant's frown, "it is a long time since you have made your appearance at the Corregidoriat;—have we by chance dismissed ourselves, and given up our trade?"

"Alas, señor," answered one of them, in a trembling voice, "a great crime has been committed last night."

"Really, my son," replied Fraquillo, "and you were waiting here to tell me?"

"Alas, señor, we dared not appear before you sooner, because we had not discovered—"

"And as yet you have only found the dead body? It is well, my lambs, it is well. I suppose that you desire that we should settle our little affairs, and you are longing to dance on the grand square of Las Mercedes; make yourselves easy, my children, the ball is preparing, and, thanks to the devil, to you, and our good King Don Pedro el Crudel, we may dance to-morrow to our hearts' delight, and without using our legs. Good morning, my cherubs, until we meet again, my little angels!"

Fraquillo left them and entered Don Bringas' house at the same time as Donna Isabella who came at the same time, covering her face with her mantilla, to avoid the horrible traces of blood which covered the ground.

"Senorita," said the corregidor to the young girl, "I have just come here to talk to you. Be kind enough to conduct me to your parlour, or to your own apartment, no matter where, so we are alone; and let us try between us to discover who is the guilty person who has played us both such a bad trick."

"Talk to you?" answered Isabella, in a tone of mingled disdain and reproach. "To you, Master Fraquillo, who have deprived Don Herrera of his office; to you, who are no doubt exulting in your heart at his death!"

"Me exulting! May God forgive you, senorita! Have you then forgotten the words just spoken by our gracious sovereign. 'To-morrow, at six o'clock in the evening, the neck of either the assassin of the count, or of the stupid corregidor who could not discover him, shall be fastened to the gallows.' So I maintain, that if this cursed murderer hides himself until to-morrow evening, he will have played me a more perfidious trick than to yourself; for you must be just, he has only deprived you of a lover. Senorita, I know it is hard; but, after all, you can get another, whilst, senorita, if from this time until the appointed hour the rascal does not give himself up he deprives me of life, which I value a thousand times more than you can have done your lover; and which is unfortunately not so easily recovered. Come, senorita, let us go in somewhere, and sit down, I owe this attention to my office of corregidor, and to my legs, which will probably have some work to do to day."

Fraquillo himself opened a door and entered a little room where Don Bringas and his wife were seated. They immediately rose and advanced to meet their daughter, whom the cobbler held by the hand. Don Bringas, recognising the unlucky cobbler, who had forced him to give up the corn heaped up in his cellars, for the public use, was filled with anger and wrath, and a violent desire to kick him out of doors.

"What business have you in my house, Master Fraquillo?" rudely demanded the old miser. "What business have you in the house of a man whom you have ruined and reduced to misery?"

"First, Senor Don Bringas, learn that I am not come here to mend your old slippers, for that I am not Master Fraquillo, but the senior corregidor of the province of Andalusia. I come to interrogate, not to be interrogated. Have the goodness to be a little more polite, if it is possible. We will presently have a little conversation with you. I will send for you when I have done with the senorita. In the meantime, leave us alone."

Don Bringas, highly indignant, was preparing a most unceremonious answer; but his wife prudently led him out of the room. Fraquillo shut the door, seated himself in a large arm-chair, which the merchant had just left, and proceeded with all the gravity of a magistrate to interrogate the fair Isabella.

"Senorita," said he, "I explained to you just now, that I had as much interest as yourself, and more, in revenging the death of Don Herrera; therefore, let us consult together on the best means of discovering our enemy. I flatter myself it is he whom you would wish to see strangled on the public square, and that my death would give you but imperfect satisfaction. Come, let us see, tell me how this event came to pass; do not omit the most trifling circumstance. It is often by the smallest thread that we unravel a mystery, and discover the truth."

Donna Isabella gave the cobbler an account of the tragical scene of the last night, as circumstantially as could be expected, considering her fright and horror during the scene.

"And the rascal's face?" inquired Fraquillo.

"I could not see it, señor."

"His figure, his walk, the colour of his clothes?"

"All that I can recollect, señor, is, that he was dressed in black; the darkness of the street and fright prevented my remarking whether he was tall or short; if he looked like a gentleman or a clown."

"He! by Saint Francis!" exclaimed Fraquillo, provoked, "what were you dreaming of then, whilst they killed your lover? What the devil do you think we can do with such knowledge? Tell me, senorita," he replied, after a moment's reflection, "do you think we can do with such knowledge? Tell me, do you know of any enemy of Don Herrera?"

"Of none," answered Isabella.

"So much the worse, eh! Tell me now, frankly, was there no rival capable of getting rid of him without much ceremony?"

"No, señor."

"So much the worse! Notwithstanding, senorita, I now remember that your respectable father had graciously dismissed him the very day that he lost his place."

"That is true."

"Consequently," eagerly continued the cobbler, "Don Bringas destined you or another husband!"

"Not to my knowledge."

"He had forbid Don Herrera seeing you again, even under your windows!"

"Alas, yes!"

"Ah, well, very well!" exclaimed the corregidor, rising and walking up and down the room with long strides. "I hold the thread of this mysterious affair. Oh, my patron, I thank thee! It is thou who sendest me this happy inspiration. Senorita, senorita, you may go. Go, and send me your father. I am now on the trace—I am now on the trace!"

Don Bringas entered with a scowling face and an angry eye, and containing with difficulty the mortal hatred which burned in his heart. "I obey your commands, master," said he, with a bitter smile. "I shall at last know what you want of me!"

"Apparently, Master Bringas," said the cobbler, laying a stress on the word, "I have sent for you to inform you—Be kind enough to take a seat."

"I am well enough standing."

"In truth it is the most fitting position for a well-taught citizen in the presence of the first authority of the province."

Don Bringas immediately seated himself.

"Do not hurry yourself, Master Bringas," said Fraquillo. "I will not argue about trifles. Let us converse on the object of my visit, without any more beating about the bush. On the day that Don Herrera lost his place of corregidor, you gently shut your doors against him. As long as he held his title you gave him your friendship, and allowed him to court your daughter; but your friendship vanished the moment the count was in disgrace, that was a matter of course!"

"What is that to you, Senor corregidor? what have you to do with the affairs of my family?"

"Of your family, Senor Bringas? that is well, and good! but out of your family, before your house at eleven o'clock at night—that, I think, is my business."

"What do you mean? You do not pretend to make me responsible for the unhappy end of the count?"

"We shall see that," continued Tio Fraquillo. "The count, dismissed by you, did not renounce his love for your daughter, on the contrary, it was natural that, notwithstanding your commands, he sought to see your daughter again; and you, angry at this disobedience—might you not, Senor Don Bringas?" continued the cobbler, in a slow voice—"might you not by chance have thought that a good stroke of a sword well applied—"

"Me?" cried Don Bringas, starting from his chair.

"Listen, then," said Fraquillo. "It is always a matter of course."

"Accuse me of murder! me!" exclaimed the merchant, furious and alarmed.

"Not precisely," replied Fraquillo, fixing his eyes on him. "Why, indeed, a man who could coolly, and even with pleasure, see the whole population of Seville, starving—fifty thousand human beings more or less—and that for a few pistoles, which would have been the case if I had not as I sat in my stall overheard your conversation with another miser like yourself, Don Gutierrez."

"Cursed imprudence!" muttered the merchant.

"A man like you, Senor Bringas, may very well get rid without scruple of his daughter's lover, when this lover has been dismissed the house, deprived of his place, and still obstinately persists in continuing his love-suit, which offers no longer any advantage to the father. What do you say?"

"I say that your suspicions are infamous."

"But to me it seems quite in the order of events."

The cobbler called from the window to two alguazils, who immediately entered the house.

"Good God! what do you intend doing?" inquired the frightened merchant.

"To keep you prisoner in this room whilst I go and interrogate your servants and your respectable wife. I must know if you went out last night at the hour the murder was committed, or if some suspicious-looking rogue did not come to agree with you for the price of the said action."

And Fraquillo, without taking notice of the abuse and entreaties of the old merchant, left him in the hands of his agents, and went up-stairs, where the senora and her daughter were waiting with anxiety the result of the conversation which was taking place below stairs.

"My little ladies," said the corregidor, "call all your servants here. I must speak to them."

Isabella's mother obeyed, and old Mariquita, the only servant the old miser kept, soon came up, with frightened looks. The insidious questions of the cobbler had not the result he expected. From the evidence of the three women, whom he separately interrogated, it was certain that since the fatal visit of the alguazils and the pillaging of his corn, the merchant had only left his house twice, and that to go to church, and no one had entered the house excepting Don Herrera himself the day when he had been dismissed in due form and desired to return no more.

Tio Fraquillo, mortally disappointed, was then obliged to liberate his prisoner, not without threatening him with a fresh inquiry. He left the house with his two alguazils and made the others who were in the street follow him. The rest of the day was employed in searching the neighbouring houses, all the inhabitants of which, from the master of the house down to the lisping babes, were most carefully questioned.

The evening came, the fatal time was twelve hours nearer, and not the least indication, the most distant or uncertain, had occurred to raise the heavy veil which covered this impenetrable mystery. Fear once more regained its empire in the breast of the cobbler, who did not fail to make his sorrowful alguazils partake of it, as the time elapsed without any chance of success. The night was passed in vain search, in useless watchings, before the public-houses, the shops, and at the doors of the houses. Nothing—no, nothing; and the time flew on rapid wings, and Fraquillo and his cohort saw in the distance the drearful gallows, which seemed to advance with open arms to meet them. This disagreeable vision troubled the sight of the poor devils, and cold shivers ran through their bodies, and the paleness of death overspread their faces. Day dawned; the clock of the tower of Giralda slowly tolled six, and warned Fraquillo and his men that they had only twelve hours more to live, for they had lost all hope.

"My sons, my sons," traitorously said the cobbler, "there remains a last prudent measure to take. Come with me to this public-house, I will tell you what you must do."

And seating himself at a table, he drew from his pocket four pieces of parchment, to each of which hung the seal of the corregidariat of Andalusia, wrote a few hundred lines on them, and carefully folded them up. He divided his agents into four companies, gave to each an order, and told them,—

"My good friends, you must carry these missives to the keepers of the gates of the town, and you will desire them to communicate their contents to the

sentries. This advice is very important; it must be attended to to-day. Go, my lads; you to the Castillo gate, you to the Triana gate, you to that of Del Puerta, and you to that of Santa Maria. Go!"

The alguazils left the public-house, but before they separated they consulted together, and agreed to take advantage of the opportunity given them by the corregidor to leave Seville, and thus escape from the peril which threatened them—thanks to the system of reprisals of their new patron. Each division took the direction pointed out to him, and arrived almost at the same time at the several gates. Giving their sealed parchments, they asked to leave the town on service, *extra muros*. But the keepers, hastily shutting the gates in the faces of the astonished alguazils, sent for the arquebusiers of the neighbouring posts, and read to them in a loud voice,—

"The arquebusiers are to take and keep in a place of safety the said alguazils, and to conduct them at five o'clock exactly on the square of Las Mercedes, to be hung one after the other, unless a counter order is sent from us. Signed, Don Fraquillo, Corregidor."

The unhappy men, thus caught in a perfidious trap, and already surrounded by soldiers come to listen to the order, could make no sort of resistance. They, therefore, let themselves be quietly shut up in the barracks, recommending their souls to God, and from the bottom of their hearts that of Fraquillo to all the tortures of hell.

In the meantime, the unfortunate cobbler, after having thus assured his vengeance on the innocent alguazils, whom he accused of being the cause of his misfortune, once more took his course through the streets, squares, and suburbs. The pleasure of dying in a numerous company was but a poor consolation for him. He could not make up his mind with a good grace to lose his life, and in his despair and horror he went he knew not whither; he walked mechanically, as if on springs, his eyes staring, but without seeing; his ears listening, but without understanding. He did not perceive that he was followed by a troop of children and beggars, all wondering at the strange look of the corregidor, and following him in hopes of witnessing some important capture. He suddenly stopped; twelve o'clock struck on the tower of Giralda. Turning round, and seeing himself in the midst of this crowd, whose stupid and curious eyes were evidently fixed on him, he at first thought that he was already hung, and put his hand to his neck; he felt it, however, in its right place, but saw that he was on the square of San Antonio, not far from his humble stall of *zapatero*, and by a sudden return of the truth, was put in mind that he had only six hours more to live and breathe the vital air.

The doors of the cathedral were open; Fraquillo entered the holy temple, threw himself on his knees before the image of his patron, and addressed to him an oration mingled with bitter reproaches; he, nevertheless, ended by going to the sacristy, and buying a magnificent wax taper, returned and placed it before the chapel of the saint. It was a sort of challenge. In the state of exaltation in which he was, Fraquillo thought by this offering to oblige the saint to perform a miracle in his favour. He left the church with the firm conviction that the first person he met would be the assassin of Herrera. He seized the armourer Perez Bruciano violently by the collar as he was quietly crossing the square to go to his shop, and desired him to avow his crime.

"Caramba!" exclaimed the armourer, "thou wilt strangle me! Fraquillo! what devilish crime am I to confess?"

"I am not Fraquillo," replied the cobbler, "I am the corregidor, and I am going to have thee hung this instant if thou wilt not confess that it is thou who killed the count."

"Santa Madona de los dolores!" said Perez, "our friend Fraquillo is gone mad!"

By a vigorous exertion he disengaged the hand that held him, and walked off as fast as possible, repeating to himself, "Poor Fraquillo! his greatness has turned his head."

"I am mistaken," thought the cobbler; "the culprit will doubtless be the second person that my saint-patron will present to me."

He looked before him and saw a good, inoffensive citizen, who was quietly going on his business. He accosted him in a most polite and kind manner.

"Senor," said he, "allow me a few minutes' conversation with you. You see by my dress that I am the corregidor; do not be alarmed at that; I am a good man and only desire your welfare."

"Speak, senor, I listen," said the wondering citizen. "Am I threatened by any danger?"

"That depends on circumstances," replied Fraquillo. "If you make a true and honest confession, I promise to ask the king's pardon for you; or, at least, a mitigation of your punishment. Believe me; confess all, it will be best for you."

"My pardon! a punishment! I confess! You astonish me, Senor corregidor. Do—do—not joke thus."

"Come, come! I advise you not to be so obstinate. The gallows is ready, and the only means to save your life is to own the crime."

"The gallows!" stammered out the poor man; "but—but—what crime have I committed?"

"I know all!" exclaimed the cobbler, "it is you who the night before last assassinated Don Herrera. Come, own it!"

"Good Heavens! me—me? Why I am just come from the country, and have not put my foot in Seville for these twenty days past. Ah, Heaven be praised! Providence sends me a deliverer. Ho! Don Ambrosio! Don Ambrosio!"

A fat, jovial looking prebendary approached them, laughing.

"What do I see?" said he. "Thomas Velasquez in the hands of justice!"

"Oh! oh! oh! oh! accused of murder, my father!—of murder!"

"Ah! ah! ah!"

And threatened by this furious corregidor that if I do not avow a crime of which I am not only innocent, but incapable of, I am to be hung, Don Ambrosio!"

"Ah! ah! hung! Thomas Velasquez hung! Ah! ah! ah! ah!—you will make me die with laughing!"

"Alas! nothing is less laughable; and I was a dead man had you not just come in time to testify that we have come from my country-house together, where you have been passing the last eight days with me."

"Ah! ah! ah! the mistake is truly ridiculous!" said Ambrosio, recollecting the former condition of the corregidor; "and Master Fraquillo appears to be better able to mend shoes than to arrest people."

Fraquillo had not the courage to notice this sarcasm. He allowed the fat prebendary to lead away Thomas Velasquez; and, losing all hope, all faith, all energy, he went and seated himself against a post which supported one of the sides of his abandoned stall, and wept with despair and regret at thus losing his life.

"Oh, my poor stall!" said he, melting at the remembrance of the happy

days he had passed there, "thou wilt see me no more! Cursed be the hour when I left thee! and yet God knows that I did so to save my brothers from famine. This is the way that Heaven rewards me! Ah, I should have done better had I left the whole town to starve! I should not now be in this sad state."

Whilst Fraquillo continued to lament thus, the tower clock pitilessly tolled out the fleeting hours; his arms crossed on his breast, his head down, his eyes fixed, he thought of every thing that could render him yet more miserable.

"Tio Fraquillo," said some one all at once, in a broken and whining voice, "is it really you whom I see, my son? Eh! what makes you weep thus?" The unhappy cobbler recognised the old beggar, who, at the entry of Don Pedro into Seville, had been on the point of being hung for his boldness.

"Ah, old Monique!" sighed he, "you are very old and withered, and notwithstanding I would willingly give the remainder of my life for yours."

"What do you say, my son? Think, I carry the burden of eighty-eight years. It is heavy, my son,—it is heavy!"

"Alas! that will not prevent your having strength enough left to go this evening on the square of Las Mercedes to see your poor Fraquillo, who has so often mended the old slippers for you which you received in charity from the cooks in the neighbourhood, hung."

"You hung, my son!"

"It is a caprice of the king's—there is no way of escaping it!"

"Our good king!" said, in a sharp voice, the old man, drawing himself up. "Tell me all about this, Fraquillo; come, tell me."

"It is on account of the murder of this hated Herrera. The king insists that at six o'clock this evening a man shall be hung, the assassin or I, and the assassin is not to be found. Ah, Monique, I recommend myself to your prayers!"

"No, no, you will not die!"

"There is no hope, Monique! I have hardly time to have my alguazils strangled."

"It is useless," said the old man, "for I know the murderer, and will make him known to you."

"You, Monique—you!" exclaimed the cobbler, seizing him by both his arms to assure himself that he did not dream.

"Well, well, child! are you going to kill me, because I save you?"

"Oh, speak! by all the saints in Paradise, speak quickly!"

"Listen! The night on which the count was killed, I was lying under the shadow of the steps of Santa Maria. You know that this church is in the street of Don Bringas, and not far from his house. I had just fallen asleep, when I was awakened by a great noise and loud screams. At the same instant a man dressed in black rushed rapidly by me, but did not see me."

"It was the assassin! Monique! you saw his face?"

"No, I only saw his back."

"You saw his figure?"

"No, it was concealed by a cloak."

"He let something fall that betrayed him?"

"No, and yet I knew that it was —"

"Who?"

"The king."

"The king!" repeated Fraquillo. He was for some minutes bewildered with astonishment at this revelation; but soon recovering himself, he recollected the habit of Don Pedro of going out at night disguised; the apparition of a man in a black cloak at the door of his stall some minutes before his nomination; moreover, the odd and cruel character of the tyrant, and he no longer doubted the truth of what the beggar told him. He reflected an instant to be sure of his conjectures; by degrees they appeared clear in his mind, he felt his courage return, and his subtle and cunning genius once more dictated to him what he ought to do in such a delicate case to counteract the king's dark intent. "Old Monique," said he, "the thing is sure! It is Don Pedro who has committed this deed! However, as I am going to play a dangerous game, I have a project in my head, and shall want full proofs."

"You wish to know by what sign I recognised our good prince. I will tell you. One day Don Pedro, who was then only thirteen months old, and had only four teeth, so cruelly bit his nurse's breast, the Countess de Penafiere, that she fainted from the dreadful pain, and let the royal infant fall from her arms. The royal infant put his left leg out of joint in his fall. It was well cured, he was not lame, but he has retained ever since a disagreeable infirmity for a prince who has the mania of going *incognito*, which is, a loud clapping noise in the left knee at every step our gracious sovereign makes. It is from this circumstance that I knew Don Pedro the other night; and now that you know the secret, go to the palace, my poor Fraquillo, speak freely to the king with proper courage, it is the only way of having the advantage of him. Go, and may God help you."

What the old man told him completely confirmed the identity of the culprit. Fraquillo went without further delay to the palace. He saw a great crowd of persons on the Square de La Merce, and in the centre the alguazils, whom the soldiers had just led there bound with cords, pale and trembling, according to his orders of the morning. He had them liberated, to the great disappointment of the people. He then went to the king.

"Well, my clever corregidor," said Pedro, "the hour draws near, the people are waiting under the gallows, and the executioner asks if you are ready to give a head?"

"Yes, sire," replied Fraquillo.

"Thine, doubtless?"

"No, your majesty."

"But what other, then?"

"That of the assassin of the Count Herrera."

"Ha!" said the king, astonished; "thou hast discovered him?"

"Yes, sire," coolly replied the cobbler.

"And thou comest here to —"

"To request you, sire, to sign the murderer's sentence!"

"Let us see this sentence," said the king, more and more surprised.

"Here it is, your majesty."

"But it does not mention the name of the culprit?"

"Whoever it may be, sire, do you not wish justice to be done?"

"Doubtless, master. Here is my signature, go and have your man hung. Eh, by the living God! if it is not the real culprit, I swear that you shall shortly follow him!"

"That is fair, sire," said Fraquillo, in a tone of assurance which disconcerted the tyrant; "and if it is really the count's murderer, you promise me my life?"

"I promise thee thy life; and, moreover, I will grant thee whatever thou desirest."

"Thanks, your majesty. Be kind enough to repeat this promise in presence of our court."

"In presence of heaven and hell!" said the king. Fraquillo called in all the courtiers to bear witness to the oath pronounced by Pedro.

"Sire," said the cobbler, retiring, "I am going to deliver this sentence, signed by your royal hand, and to hasten the preparations, for the hour is at hand."

The king was sorely puzzled at Fraquillo's look of confidence, and very curious to see the result of this adventure, had the windows which looked on the square opened, and waited with impatience and a secret uneasiness to see what was going to happen. The people crowded round the palace, shouting and murmuring, and loudly demanding the promised sight; but suddenly, this great tumult subsided, and a great silence succeeded. The crowd opened to give way to a company of cavalry, who formed a circle round the gallows; then the alguazils advanced in two ranks, preceded by the corregidor; then between two files of soldiers came the condemned person, covered with a large black veil, which trained on the ground, and supported by the executioner and one of his men. The corregidor read aloud the sentence which condemned the murderer of the Count Herrera to suffer the penalty of death. He then nailed the paper on the gallows. After which the executioner, without uncovering the face of the criminal, hung him, crying out to the people, "Justice is done!" Two officers of the palace immediately took hold of Tio Fraquillo, and led him before the king.

"Master," said Pedro, "what signifies this masquerade, and what is the name of this wretched man who has just been hung?"

Fraquillo leant forward and whispered in the king's ear,—

"His name is Don Pedro el Cruel, king of Castile, and the murderer of Count Herrera!"

"What, rascal! thou thinkest —"

"That the left leg of your majesty has betrayed you, sire!"

"Knowest thou that I could —"

"Be faithful to your oath, sire—I trust to it!"

"Let us see, let us see! what askest thou?"

"My dismissal!"

"I grant it thee, and a thousand pistoles; but as soon as it is night, thou must go and cut me down from the gibbet. Thou understandest me? and thou must be silent on this affair!"

"Thanks to your majesty!"

The same evening Don Pedro returned to Madrid, and Tio Fraquillo to his stall, and did not forget generously to reward old Monique.

THE URBANOS OF CENICERO

That dreadful of all national scourges, civil war, whilst it sets in turbulent motion the worst passions of human nature, and leaves society so saturated with its demoralising virus, that the paralyzing effects are usually visible for a long period after the cessation of the armed struggle, has also frequently brought to light many noble qualities, and has produced deeds of heroism in resisting lawless attacks on domestic peace, or in defending institutions which the people feel to be essential to the honour, welfare, and security of their country.

The late fierce struggle in Spain—which was not merely a contest for the possession of a throne, but a hot dispute between antagonist political principles—afforded numerous examples of the bright as well as of the dark side of the picture.

It was in the autumn of 1834, when the Carlist rebellion had lasted more than a year, that the pretender's army began to assume an imposing attitude under the command of the celebrated chief Zumalacarreaguy. The system of warfare adopted by that remarkable man was well calculated to strengthen the position of Don Carlos in a military point of view. At that early period of the civil war, the sturdy inhabitants of the Basque provinces and Navarre believed that their *fueros*, or privileges, as well as their religious institutions, were in imminent peril, and that Don Carlos was the only means of salvation from such dreaded evils: they accordingly took up arms without hesitation against the queen's forces, and in every way aided and seconded the operations of Zumalacarreaguy; supplying his troops with provisions and resources of every description and adopting those efficacious means of harassing and attacking the enemy, which their mountainous country enabled them to put in practice, with comparatively little danger to themselves, but with deadly effect upon the Christians, whenever they ventured to penetrate into the Carlist territory. After six years or more of sacrifices of every kind, they discovered their grievous error: but to our narrative.

In the autumn of 1834 when the rebellion was in its full force, although Zumalacarreaguy wisely confined his operations, in a general way, to Navarre and the Basque provinces, his troops occasionally crossed the Ebro at places where it is fordable at certain periods, and made incursions into Castile, carrying off whatever booty they could seize, inflicting the severest calamities on the unprotected inhabitants, and wreaking dire vengeance upon those who might unsuccessfully oppose them.

One of his most active and intelligent agents was in Castile disguised as a *por diosero*, or beggar for God's sake. His seemingly decrepit frame was scantily covered with patched and tattered garments, his face was overgrown with stubby matted hair, whilst an old dirty brown cloth cap, of uncouth form, encased his head and overshadowed his eyes. In this miserable guise, and with a wallet slung across his shoulders, the spy went from place to place soliciting alms and broken victuals from the unsuspecting and charitable inhabitants, from whom he frequently contrived to gather much valuable intelligence.

Having ascertained that eight wagons laden with military clothing were on their way from Miranda de Ebro to Logronno, under a comparatively feeble escort, and that there was not any considerable body of the queen's forces in the vicinity, or within several days' march, the *por-diosero* took his leave of the worthy labourer or small farmer under whose humble roof, near the Venta de la Estrella, in the rich and fertile district of La Rioja, in Old Castile, he had received shelter and sustenance, and leaning on his staff, with body bent apparently with infirmity, he crept along the road from Miranda de Ebro to Cenicero, a small town on the right bank of the Ebro, on the high road to Logronno, and two leagues from that city.

The day was drawing to a close; the vineyards were glowing with clusters of ripe grapes; the ancient olive trees cast the shadows of their picturesque trunks on the rich soil; thick stubble showed that the harvest had been abundant, and the fruit trees were still adorned with their luscious burdens; on the brown hills, variegated and perfumed with wild thyme, rosemary, and other aromatic herbs, large flocks of sheep were feeding; and all told of a state of society still consistent with the pursuit of the ordinary occupations of peaceful life, though the consciousness that the focus of war was so nigh at hand grievously interfered with its enjoyment.

'Una limosnita por Dios, señor!'—'A trifling alms for God's sake, señor!' drawled the pseudo-beggar, as he was overtaken by a hardy-looking man, wearing a rough brown jacket, a military cap with a tarnished gold band, and having a heavy sabre pendant at his side from a broad black leathern belt, and mounted on a powerful, though not a handsome horse.

The traveller gave him a few *quartos*.

'Heaven will repay you,' said the *por-diosero*; and kissing the small copper coin, put it into his wallet.

The horseman was followed by a good looking man in a peasant's garb, who bestrode a fine mule lightly laden with personal baggage, including the *alforjas*, well stuffed with stomach comforts.

'Antonio, give that poor creature a piece of bread and a draught of wine,' said the horseman as he rode forward.

'Si, señor,' replied Antonio; and halting his mule, he sprang lightly from his back, lifted up the flap of the *alforjas* or woollen saddle-bags, took out a good sized loaf, opened a long knife which he carried in a side-pocket, cut the loaf in halves, and gave one of them to the *por-diosero*, who accepted it with humble demeanour, breaking a piece off directly, and eating it with apparent eagerness and appetite. Meantime the muleteer lifted out from the other side of the *alforjas* a *bota* or wine-skin, and having untied the muzzle, poured some of its contents into a horn cup, and presented it to the *por-diosero*.

'How good it is!' cried the latter, after having with trembling hand lifted the cup to his lips, and quaffed a portion of the generous liquid. 'What a good man your master is!'

'Indeed he is,' replied the muleteer, 'and though only a *factor* (a commissariat storekeeper), he does much good in these trying times. But he is far in advance. Make haste my good man, and finish the wine. We must travel as far as Logronno to-night, to announce the arrival of the *comboy*, which will start early in the morning from Briones.'

The *por-diosero* emptied the cup, and returned it, with renewed thanks, to the active and kind hearted *paysano*, who mounted his mule, and trotted off briskly to rejoin his master.

It was now nearly dark: the spy hobbled along the road, until he reached a spot where there was a path to the left, leading to some sloping vineyards. Turning down it, he continued his seemingly feeble pace for about fifty yards; then, after looking cautiously round, he suddenly stood erect, grasped his staff in the centre, and plunged down the slope—still directing his course to the left—with the speed of a vigorous man bent on an urgent mission. In about an hour he descended the Ebro, and having reached its bank, paused a few moments to take breath; then grasping his long staff at the upper end, and feeling his way with it, he advanced into the stream. At first the water only reached his knees, then his waist. Still he waded on, the river deepening more and more every step he took, until, at about the centre, he reached a little island covered with reeds. Here he rested for a few minutes, looking anxiously towards the Alavese shore. He soon perceived a glimmering light, and again entering the stream, made direct for it.

For a little distance the water reached his armpits, but it gradually shallowed, and he landed in the Carlist country without accident. Before quitting the water, however, he washed his matted hair and beard, his face, eyes, and hands; and the decrepit-looking *por-diosero* of the Rioja emerged from the Ebro a well-looking man of about thirty, a little above the middle height, full of vigour and spirit, though still covered with tattered garments dripping wet. He stopped for a minute to squeeze the water from those garments, and then, taking long leaps by the aid of his staff, and, anon, running swiftly with it balanced in his hand, he soon reached a cottage, through whose only window gleamed a bright light—his beacon when fording the river.

'Hola! Francisco,' he cried, knocking sharply at the door with the end of his staff; 'open the door; here am I.'

On hearing the well known voice, a man leaved from the bench on which he had been reposing, and unbarred the door. 'Welcome,' said the cottager, as his friend crossed the threshold: 'go into the *alcoba*, and doff those wet shreds; you'll find your own garments all ready; meantime, I will cast some wood on the fire, and Ramona will get the supper ready; it only requires warming.'

'Thank you, good Francisco; but let your task be to saddle Moro without a moment's delay.'

The blaze crackled, and Ramona, the cottager's wife, bustled about, and took two *ollas* or earthen pipkins from a cupboard, and placed them before the fire: she then spread a coarse but clean cloth on a table, and just as the contents of the pipkins began to bubble, the alcove curtain was drawn aside, and Astuto—that was the name of the newly-arrived guest stepped forth clad in the uniform of a Carlist officer.

'Do you bring good news, captain?' inquired Ramona.

'Excellent—but not a moment must be lost. Where is Zumalacareguy?'

'At La Guardia,' replied Ramona, and removing one of the pipkins from the hearth, she took out a portion of its savoury contents with a wooden spoon, and transferred it to a homely but perfectly clean earthen plate. 'Come, Captain Astuto,' she said, 'take some of this nice *pechero*—you must be quite exhausted.'

'Muchas gracias, kind Ramona: pray go and hasten Francisco; tell him to bring the horse to the door instantly.'

Ramona vanished, and Astuto discussed his meal with the avidity and tact of a man accustomed to snatch his food on all opportune occasions.

The moment the horse appeared, Astuto mounted, and rode off at a sharp pace in the direction of La Guardia, a town in Alava, about two leagues off, and whither it had been preconcerted that Zumalacareguy should repair with his forces, and station them in the town or its vicinity, in order to be at hand in case the fruits of Astuto's spying mission should render it expedient to make a dash on the enemy's territory. The captain rapidly traversed the five or six miles between Francisco's cottage and La Guardia; and proceeding direct to Zumalacareguy's quarters, he in a few words imparted to his chief, the valuable intelligence he had collected. Military clothing was much wanted in the Carlist army; here, then, was an unforeseen opportunity of obtaining a supply from the Christians themselves. Orders were instantly issued for the troops to be got under arms quietly, not only in La Guardia, but in the villages and hamlets, where several battalions were lodged; the whole force being about five thousand active, willing, and brave men, whom nothing would so much delight as to make a successful foray in the enemy's country. By day-break the whole five thousand men were within a mile of the Alavese bank of the Ebro, in the direction of a place where it was at that period fordable, and nearly opposite to the town of Cenicero, in that part of Old Castile called La Rioja, already mentioned. The ford is called *El Vado de Tronconegro*. The troops were carefully concealed behind some hillocks, and among the brushwood, where they were ordered to lie down.

Early on the same morning the Christiano *comboy*, protected only by a

company of *cacadores*, or light infantry, and about a hundred cavalry, left Briones, a small town on the high road from Miranda, in conformity with the statement of the muleteer to the Carlist spy the evening before. The escort was commanded by a brave and active officer, Colonel Amor, who, although he was aware that *El Vado de Tronconegro* was passable at that time, in consequence of the low state of the Ebro, had not the slightest idea that Zumalacareguy was laying in wait for him, with so overwhelming a force, on the opposite side of the river. All went on well during the march from Briones to Cenicero; but soon after the *comboy* had passed through that town, the Carlist commander-in-chief arrived on the opposite bank of the Ebro, and immediately led the way to the ford of Tronconegro. It was a strange scene when the bold and crafty Zumalacareguy, clad in a black sheep-skin *zamarra*, with a scarlet *boyna*, or Basque bonnet on his head, a long sabre pendent from his loins, and mounted on a noble charger, full of fire and spirit, but perfectly under command, advanced into the waters of the Ebro, followed by his staff, all in similar costume, their *boyas* only being of varied colours—blue, red, and white. The troops, wading up to their waists, and holding their muskets over their heads, soon formed a living chain across the Ebro, emerging in succession on the Castilian shore with the utmost alacrity, and forming rapidly close to Cenicero.

The inhabitants beheld this sudden and unlooked for invasion with dire alarm. They knew how hateful they had rendered themselves to the Carlists by the numerous proofs they had given of their warm attachment to the constitutional cause; about fifty of the most respectable men in the place had enrolled themselves as *Urbanos*, or national guards; and the church had been fortified: in short, Cenicero was one of the most compromised of the towns in La Rioja. Large bodies of the Queen's troops were frequently stationed there; but at this critical moment it was protected only by the fifty *Urbanos*, against an army of *facciosos* amounting to five thousand resolute men. Before the Carlist column entered Cenicero, the fifty *Urbanos* threw themselves into the fortified church, firmly resolved to defend that important post to the last.

Zumalacareguy, having thus entered Cenicero without opposition, passed rapidly through the town with his main force, leaving a battalion with peremptory orders to take the church, no matter at what sacrifice. Relying upon the accomplishment of this object by a strong battalion against fifty armed civilians, thus securing a strongly fortified point to fall back upon in case of need, Zumalacareguy hastened forward on the high road to Logronno, in pursuit of the *comboy*.

The church of Cenicero is a strong edifice of considerable extent, with a lofty tower. It stands near the extremity of the town, overlooking the Logronno road, and is approached thence by a rather steep ascent, after passing a few small houses at its foot. It has two gates, one on the north, the other on the south. The former had been walled up with strong masonry, and the other was protected by a *tambor*, or stone redoubt, in a semicircular form, masking the gate, and affording room inside the semicircle for a party of men, who could fire through twelve or fourteen loopholes in the wall of the *tambor*, which was about seven feet in height, but not roofed, as there was no fear of attack from those who might occupy the church and its tower. These were the outward defences of the church, into which there was a retreat from the *tambor* by the gate which it protected. The principal internal fortification was the tower, the entrance thereto being through a small door, opening on a winding stone staircase. Six of the stone steps had been removed, and their place supplied by a ladder, which could be drawn up, in case a hostile force should gain possession of the church.

The Carlist battalion attacked the church vigorously. *Tiradores*, or sharpshooters, were planted in all directions, firing at the belfry, with a view of preventing the *Urbanos* from annoying the besiegers from that commanding post. Forcible possession was taken of the houses in front of the southern gate; the mattresses were dragged off the beds, and, being stuffed into the open windows, formed parapets from behind which volleys of musketry were poured upon the roofless *tambor*; but the bullets generally struck against the wall of the church, became flattened, and fell harmless at the feet of the brave *Urbanos*, who, watching through the loopholes, picked off every *faccioso* who might venture to raise his head above the mattress barricades opposite.

Eight *facciosos* were killed, and only one *Urbano* wounded (in the finger), during this attack and defence, which lasted until two in the afternoon; at which hour Zumalacareguy returned with the bulk of his force, after capturing six of the eight wagons at about a league from Logronno. The two others, being considerably in advance, escaped, and succeeded in entering the city, whose walls Zumalacareguy did not venture to approach.

There was a skirmish between the slender escort of the *comboy* and the advance of the overwhelming Carlist force. Colonel Amor defended his charge to the uttermost, killing a Carlist officer and two soldiers with his own hand, but he was at last forced to retire to Logronno.

When Zumalacareguy found that the gallant little civic garrison of the fortified church of Cenicero still held out, and that several of his men had been killed and wounded, his fury exceeded all bounds.

He sent for the cura, and ordered him to go instantly to the church, and summon the *Urbanos* to a parley.

'Tell them,' cried Zumalacareguy, with that vehemence of voice and gesture which all knew were unequivocal signs of his determination to fulfil his threats—'tell them that I demand immediate surrender, and that, in case of refusal, they shall all be shot upon being made prisoners, which they will inevitably be in a few hours.'

The cura wended his way to the church with an anxious heart. He was a pious and exemplary clergyman, and was beloved by his parishioners, in whose constitutional sentiments he fully participated.

Orders were given to the Carlists to cease firing during the conference; and the *Urbanos* drew back their musket barrels from the loopholes, of their own accord, the moment they perceived their venerable cura.

He advanced to the redoubt, and delivered his message. His benevolent heart dictated to counsel submission, seeing that Zumalacareguy had so large a force, and being anxious to save the lives of this meritorious fraction of his flock, now in such imminent peril; and yet his tongue refused to give utterance to words of persuasion to surrender a post of such vital importance to the national cause.

'Tell Zumalacareguy,' answered the gallant *Urbano*, 'that we will resist until the death; that we would prefer being crushed under the ruins of our church, to making terms with a rebel.'

Zumalacareguy was seated on a stone bench outside the gateway of a house at the other extremity of the town whilst the cura was parleying with the *Urbanos*. His troops were so stationed as to guard against a surprise, and his advanced posts were pushed as far as Montalvo, a picturesque village a league off, on the Miranda road; scouts being despatched both in that direction and

towards Logronno, to ascertain if any large body of the queen's forces was on its way to attack him.

On the cura's approach, Zumalacareguy started up, crying—'Have they surrendered?'

'No, señor.' And the cura stated the noble reply of the Urbanos in their own emphatic words.

Zumalacareguy's rage was terrific. Stamping his feet, he threatened the cura with death; and, infuriated at being thus foiled by a handful of civilians, he ordered his officers to proceed with parties of soldiers and seize all the female relatives of the brave men who were defending the church. His mandate was speedily carried into effect, and the trembling women were brought before him.

Zumalacareguy fixed his piercing eyes on them for a few moments, without speaking a word; then turning to a man who stood by his side—one of the few inhabitants of Carlist principles—he communed with him in an under tone.

Amongst the women was the mother of two of the Urbanos. She stood watching, with anxious glances, the gestures of her neighbour, who, whilst conferring with Zumalacareguy, had more than once furtively directed his attention towards her. At length the Carlist chief bade the mother approach.

'Senora,' he said with a ghastly sneer, 'I presume that your sons, who are firing upon my men from the church yonder, would be sorry to hear that their mother had been shot?'

The poor woman cowered beneath the flash of deadly light which fell upon her wan countenance, as Zumalacareguy uttered these cruelly sarcastic words; but almost immediately recovering her serenity, she replied, with a calm dignity worthy of a Roman matron—'Señor, my sons love their mother!'

'Very well, I doubt it not,' said Zumalacareguy, still leaning on his sword, his boyna-covered head bent slightly toward the mother, and regarding her with eyes whose dark balls had a deadly expression—'very well; we will put their affection to the proof. Go with that officer, and tell your sons and their companions that, unless they yield instantly, you shall be shot: not only so, but all the female relatives of the other fellows who call themselves Urbanos shall also have their anxieties put an end to by *cuatro tiros*. Go and fulfil your mission.'

The stern Carlist chief resumed his seat on the stone bench, and the mother accompanied the officer, a rough-looking man, wearing a very shaggy black zamarra, and a white boyna ornamented with a gold tassel. They were escorted by a file of Carlist soldiers, not two of whose half-military half-peasant costumes were alike. There was also a trumpeter, a lad about sixteen, dressed in a blue velvet jacket with bell buttons, loose coarse linen trousers, a flaming red boyna covering his bushy head, and his hair hanging in thick meshes on each side of his sunburnt face.

When arrived within a short distance of the church, the little trumpeter sounded a parley, by order of the officer. The firing on both sides ceased, and the mother advanced, followed by the officer and the Carlist guard.

'Go forward and deliver your message,' said the officer roughly.

The space between one edge of the semicircular loopholed tabor, or redoubt and the church wall, was barely sufficient for a full-grown man to pass sideways; and that space was now blocked up so as to completely enclose and barricade the gallant Urbanos, who nevertheless called through the loopholes in front, and told the mother to go round to the side. She did so.

'Madre,' said one of the sons, whose head appeared above the wall of the tabor, his lips all black with gunpowder from biting his cartridges when loading his musket over and over again—'madre, what brings you hither?'

She delivered her appalling message.

'Wait a moment, madre,' said the son, and disappeared.

Presently the anxious mother heard stifled sounds with the tabor, as though heavy stones were being removed with caution; then the upper part of the narrow barricade just described was removed, and she saw her other son's bust in the space it had filled. She stretched forth her arms to greet him, but he said in a low voice, 'Come close to the wall, madre mia,' and he disappeared, but only for an instant. Another layer of large stones was rapidly removed, and she saw the figures of her two sons as low as their waists, and the crescent-like interior of the tabor crowded with her armed neighbours and friends, with blackened lips and flushed faces. Whilst they were greeting her, and inquiring all together, about their families, the two brothers pulled down two more layers of stones. The mother imagined that they were about to sally forth, and with the rest of the little band, lay down their arms, rather than allow their nearest and dearest connexions to be sacrificed.

'Mother,' said the oldest son, 'give me your hand.'

She held it out, and her son drawing her gently towards him, took her up in his arms, lifted her over the remaining part of the narrow barricade, and carried her across the inner space of the tabor into the church; his comrades replacing the stones, and again completely blocking up the entrance to the tabor with surprising rapidity. All was performed in much less time than has been occupied in thus briefly describing this singular scene.

A voice was now heard through one of the *troneras* or loopholes calling on the Carlist officer—'Tell the rebel Zumalacareguy to come himself for the answer, and he shall receive it a *balazo* (in a volley of bullets). His messenger is with her children and her friends; and we betide all Carlist prisoners now in the power of the Christians if a hair of the head of one of our female relatives, or of any Christiano prisoners, be touched!'

The astonished Carlist officer, filled with alarm lest Zumalacareguy should wreak condign vengeance on him for having allowed the mother of the two Urbanos to be snatched from him, departed with his escort, after having been warned by the voices from the *troneras*, and the apparition of the musket-barrels thrust through them, and pointed at him, that, should he tarry longer, his mortal career would probably be terminated.

The firing on both sides immediately recommenced, and was continued until nightfall.

After dark, the Urbanos held a consultation upon the course to be adopted during the night. They felt that it was more than probable that the Carlists would take advantage of the darkness to endeavour to take the tabor by assault, and that against so large a force it would be impossible for them to defend so comparatively fragile a work, the reduction or abandonment of which would enable the Carlists to batter down the gate and occupy the church. They therefore wisely decided that the only way to enable them to act efficiently, would be to retire to the tower, and, after accumulating all available offensive and defensive resources within it, to block up the entrance, and to fortify themselves for withstanding the brunt of an attack, however furious it might be.

With the promptitude and energy inspired by the impulse of self-preservation,

* That is, four shots, the mode of military execution in Spain being, that four soldiers fire together on the victims.

and of indomitable fidelity to their cause, the gallant Urbanos commenced their willing labours immediately. First, they loosened the large ancient grave-stones or slabs with which the church was paved; for in the olden time the dead were interred in the sacred edifice. With these thick slabs they formed a strong wall by placing them inside the door of the tower, so as to completely block it up; leaving, however a few small spaces or loopholes to fire through, and a very narrow opening for the Urbanos to pass through, one at a time.

At about half-past nine at night—it was a very dark night—a stout party of *facciosos* silently crept close up to the wall of the tabor, placing themselves below the loopholes, in order that the bullets from the muskets of the Urbanos might pass over their heads. With pick-axes, which they had collected in the town, they began to loosen the stones in the lower part; whilst the brave Urbanos fired through the loopholes, but with little effect, until they perceived that the wall was giving way. They then retired into the church, as preconcerted, and closing the gates, placing against them the props and supports which had been accumulated beforehand for strengthening them. The wall of the tabor soon fell, and the Carlists rushed over the ruins to pounce upon the Urbanos; all they found, however, was stones and rubbish, and the church gate closed! But this did not damp their exertions. A quantity of wood was speedily collected, piled up against the strong gate, and set fire to. The gate, which was studded with large iron bolts with massive heads, soon ignited, and whilst it was burning, a ponderous beam was brought from a neighbouring timber-yard, and being lifted up horizontally by a number of *facciosos*, was used as a battering-ram, with tremendous force, against the half-consumed gate.

But they were not permitted to pursue their work of destruction unmolested. The brave Urbanos pelted their assailants with tiles from the roof of the church, and wounded a great number of them, some very severely; but they were promptly replaced by others from the battalions, which were drawn up close at hand.

At length the gate gave way; its shattered remnants falling inwards with a loud crash, carrying the internal barricade along with them. The Carlists rushed impetuously over the ruins, thinking to make an easy prey of the Urbanos. The church was, however, deserted; but two large wax flambeaux were burning on the altar.

The Urbanos had retired to their last stronghold, the tower; but before doing so, the mother of the two young men had called upon all who were in the church to prostrate themselves before the altar, and implore Divine support in their great strait. They obeyed, and, on rising, swore, one and all, to perish rather than surrender. Whilst making this solemn vow, they heard the gate yielding to the repeated assaults of the Carlists, and had barely time to reach the stair and close up the narrow entrance, before the crash took place.

Zumalacareguy directed this desperate attack in person. A volley from the lofty roof, which stretched several of his men dead on the church floor, announced that the Urbanos had availed themselves of the apertures caused by the removal of the tiles, which had wounded so many of his men, as a passage to the inner roof, in which they had made holes, and from that novel, elevated, and impregnable battery, they fired upon the *facciosos*; whilst a discharge from the *troneras* or loopholes of the fortified entrance to the stairs leading to the tower, imperatively called Zumalacareguy's attention to the place whence they had mounted to the roof. 'Pensions for life,' cried Zumalacareguy, 'for those who force the door of the tower!'

A company composed of daring fellows stepped forward, and rushed to the barricade. They were welcomed by a discharge of musketry from the loopholes. Sixteen were killed, and their panic-stricken comrades fled in different directions, running to and fro about the church in the utmost confusion. An officer hastened to Zumalacareguy, who had left the church, and reported what had occurred; adding, that the tower door could not be stormed and taken without immense loss, and that it was even doubtful whether it could be obtained possession of at all. But the Carlist chief would not give ear to these representations, 'Cowards!' he cried, and called for more volunteers, promising instant pecuniary rewards and pensions for life to the successful storming party.

Another vain attempt, followed by the loss of many lives, convinced Zumalacareguy that it was not by assault that this well contrived and admirably-defended barricade could be taken. He therefore adopted another plan. He ordered a large quantity of wood, and whatever other combustibles could be procured, to be heaped up in front of the parapeted door. The townspeople, whom he held as prisoners, were forced at the point of the bayonet, to assist in collecting these materials. The terrified inhabitants, buffeted and maltreated by the ruffianly *facciosos*, were forced to deliver up their chairs, bedsteads, and arcos or trunks, which serve the purpose of chests of drawers; all of which were added to the pile.

Those who first advanced to cast down the combustibles in front of the barricade met their death from a volley from behind it. But more and more was heaped up, until it formed a huge mass. Several sacks of red pepper had been found in a shop, and in another warehouse the Carlists discovered some casks of spirits of turpentine. The pepper was thrown upon the wood and furniture, and the whole drenched with the spirits of turpentine, and immediately set on fire. But in the confusion, the spirits of turpentine had been spilt in considerable quantity on the floor of the church. It ignited; the strong fire ran along the ground with the rapidity of lightning, catching the old woodwork of the church, which blazed furiously, and all was confusion and dismay. The Carlists, in their trepidation and haste to escape from the flames, fell over each other; the smoke blinded and nearly suffocated them; and many were burnt to death, after suffering the most excruciating torments, from their clothing having become saturated with the spirits of turpentine. A poor man whom they had forced to carry wood into the church was also burnt to death.

And what was passing in the tower during this frightful scene? The gallant Urbanos, though they beheld the church on fire, and were half-choked by the pungent smoke from such a medley of turpentine-anointed combustibles, rendered doubly fierce by the red pepper heaped up in front of their loopholed barricade, far from contemplating a surrender under such fearfully trying circumstances, called out to their comrades above them to cast down the mattresses and bedclothes; for the last guard of Urbanos in charge of the church had removed their bedding to the tower when the building was invested. This was done in an instant, and the bedding was compactly placed against the interior of the barricade, so as to fill up every aperture. Thus the smoke was kept out of the tower, to the summit whereof all the Urbanos who had been defending the barricade now hastened. The interior of the church was burning throughout the night, and the Carlists could do nothing against the Urbanos in the tower.

At daybreak, when the flames had subsided, though the heat was still intense, the Carlists made fresh attempts to gain an entrance into the tower; but they found the brave citizens still at their post. They had removed the mattresses, and though confined to the heated region of the half-calced stone staircase, they still kept firing through the loopholes, and killing several Carlists, whilst their comrades were flinging tiles, with fatal aim and force, from the perforated ceiling, on those who had again ventured into the church; until at last—at noon—the surviving facciosos fled precipitately from the spot where so many of their companions lay dead in the frightful postures into which their agony had cast them, and where the ashes of others were mingled with those of the combustibles which they had collected and ignited for the purpose of forcing the gallant Urbanos to surrender.

News now arrived that a division of the queen's army was on its way, by forced marches, to Cenicero. Zumalacaregui, therefore, lost no time in collecting his troops together, and they recrossed the Ebro, by the same ford of Tronconegro which they had waded over so gaily thirty-six hours before. They found time, however, to plunder the houses of all the Urbanos, and of others known to be attached to the constitutional cause, and what they could not carry away they destroyed.

The loss of the Carlists was about forty killed by balls, besides those who were burnt to death in the church, and upwards of a hundred and twenty wounded who were placed on mules, with the exception of some who were in so pitiable a state as to be obliged to be carried on mattresses, borne by four men each. Several died before they reached La Guardia.

The fifty Urbanos who had so nobly defended their post, and had thereby rendered such invaluable service to their country, were received with enthusiasm by their relatives and friends; and it is worthy of remark, that though they had sent so many of their foes to their long homes, and had wounded between one and two hundred more, the only casualty in their little band, was the wound in the finger of one of them at the commencement of the attack on the tambor.

The writer passed through Cenicero repeatedly in the course of the late civil war, and often visited the church in company with some of the Urbanos who defended it with such determined bravery. The stone staircase of the tower—bereft of its lower steps—the ladder, the half-calced walls, all these palpable mementoes remained unchanged until the end of the war. The tambor was rebuilt, and the fortified church was always confided, as a post of honour, to the Urbanos, even when the town was occupied by the regular troops.

Cenicero was never revisited by the Carlists, who had too painful a recollection of the tremendous lesson they had there received, to run the risk of encountering a repetition of it.

To the honour of the Urbanos be it added, that though some of their neighbours aided the Carlists during the attack, and otherwise conducted themselves obnoxiously, they were not molested in the slightest degree afterwards. Thus, said the exemplary cura, to whom the writer was, on various occasions, indebted for the most frank hospitality, and to whom he never failed to pay his respects when passing through Cenicero—thus affording a practical proof of the sincerity of the principles which they professed.

HOW WE GOT UP THE GLENMUTCHKIN RAILWAY, AND HOW WE GOT OUT OF IT.

[Concluded]

The allocation passed over very peaceably. Sawley, Heckles, Jobson, Grabbie, and the Captain of M'Alcohol, besides myself, attended, and took part in the business. We were also threatened with the presence of the M'Closkie and Vich-Induibh; but M'Corkindale, entertaining some reasonable doubts as to the effect which their corporeal appearance might have upon the representatives of the dissenting interest, had taken the precaution to get them snugly housed in a tavern, where an unbounded supply of gratuitous Ferntosh deprived us of the benefit of their experience. We, however, allotted them twenty shares a-piece. Sir Polloxien Tremens sent a handsome, though rather illegible letter of apology, dated from an island in Lochlomond, where he was said to be detained on particular business.

Mr. Sawley, who officiated as our chairman, was kind enough, before parting to pass a very flattering eulogium upon the excellence and candour of all the preliminary arrangements. It would now, he said, go forth to the public that this line was not, like some others he could mention, a mere bubble, emanating from the stank of private interest, but a solid, lasting superstructure, based upon the principles of sound return for capital, and serious evangelical truth. (hear, hear.) The time was fast approaching, when the gravestone, with the words "Hic Obit" chiselled upon it, would be placed at the head of all the other lines which rejected the grand opportunity of conveying education to the stoker. The stoker, in his (Mr. Sawley's) opinion, had a right to ask the all important question on "Am I not a man and a brother?" (Cheers.) Much had been said and written lately about a work called *Tracts for the Times*. With the opinions contained in that publication, he was not conversant, as it was conducted by persons of another community from that to which he (Mr. Sawley) had the privilege to belong. But he hoped very soon, under the auspices of the Glenmutchkin Railway Company, to see a new periodical established under the title of *Tracts for the Trains*. He never for a moment would relax his efforts to knock a nail into the coffin, which, he might say, was already made, and measured, and cloth covered for the reception of all establishments; and with these sentiments, and the conviction that the shares must rise, could it be doubted that he would remain a fast friend to the interests of this Company for ever? (Much cheering.)

After having delivered this address, Mr. Sawley affectionately squeezed the hands of his brother directors, and departed, leaving several of us much overcome. As, however, M'Corkindale had told me that every one of Sawley's shares had been disposed of in the market the day before, I felt less compunction at having refused to allow that excellent man an extra thousand beyond the amount he had applied for, notwithstanding of his broadest hints, and even private entreaties.

"Confound the greedy hypocrite!" said Bob; "does he think we shall let him Burke the line for nothing? No—no! let him go to the brokers and buy his shares back, if he thinks they are likely to rise. I'll be bound he has made a cool five hundred out of them already."

On the day which succeeded the allocation, the following entry appeared in the Glasgow share lists. "Direct Glenmutchkin Railway. 15s. 15s. 6d. 15s. 6d. 16s. 15s. 6d. 16s. 6s. 16 6d. 16s. 17s. 18s. 18s. 19s. 6d. 21s. 21s. 22s. 6d. 24s. 25s. 6d. 27s. 29s. 29s. 6d. 30s. 31s. pm."

"They might go higher, and they ought to go higher," said Bob musingly; "but there's not much more stock to come and go upon, and these two share-sharks, Jobson and Grabbie, I know, will be in the market to-morrow. We

must not let them have the whip-hand of us. I think upon the whole, Dunshunner, though it's letting them go dog cheap, that we ought to sell half our shares at the present premium, whilst there is a certainty of getting it."

"Why not sell the whole? I'm sure I have no objections to part with every stiver of the scrip on such terms."

"Perhaps," said Bob, "upon general principles you may be right; but then remember that we have a vested interest in the line."

"Vested interest be hanged!"

"That's very well—at the same time it is no use to kill your salmon in a hurry. The bulls have done their work pretty well for us, and we ought to keep something on hand for the bears; they are snuffing at it already. I could almost swear that some of those fellows who have sold to-day are working for a time-bargain."

We accordingly got rid of a couple of thousand shares, the proceeds of which not only enabled us to discharge the deposit loan, but left us a material surplus. Under these circumstances, a two-handed banquet was proposed and unanimously carried, the commencement of which I distinctly remember, but am rather dubious as to the end. So many stories have lately been circulated to the prejudice of railway directors, that I think it my duty to state that this entertainment was scrupulously defrayed by ourselves, and not carried to account, either of the preliminary survey, or the expenses of the provisional committee.

Nothing effects so great a metamorphosis in the bearing of the outer man, as a sudden change of fortune. The anemone of the garden differs scarcely more from its unpretending prototype of the woods, than Robert M' Corkindale, Esq., Secretary and Projector of the Glenmutchkin Railway, differed from Bob M' Corkindale, the seedy frequenter of "The Crow." In the days of yore, men eyed the surtout—napless at the velvet collar, and preternaturally white at the seams—which Bob vouchsafed to wear, with looks of dim suspicion, as if some faint reminiscence, similar to that which is said to recall the memory of a former state of existence, suggested to them a vision that the garment had once been their own. Indeed, his whole appearance was then wonderfully second-hand. Now he had cast his slough. A most undeniable Tagliona, with trimmings just bordering upon frogs, gave dignity to his demeanour and twofold amplitude to his chest. The horn eyeglass was exchanged for one of purest gold, the dingy high-lows for well-waxed Wellingtons, the Paisley fogle for the fabric of the China loom. Moreover, he walked with a swagger, and affected in common conversation a peculiar dialect which he opined to be the purest English, but which no one—except a bagman—could be reasonably expected to understand. His pockets were invariably crammed with share lists; and he quoted, if he did not comprehend, the money article from the *Times*. This sort of assumption, though very ludicrous in itself, goes down wonderfully. Bob gradually became a sort of authority, and his opinions got quoted on "Change." He was no ass, notwithstanding his peculiarities, and made good use of his opportunity.

For myself, I bore my new dignities with an air of modest meekness. A certain degree of starchiness is indispensable for a railway director, if he means to go forward in his high calling and prosper; he must abandon all juvenile eccentricities, and aim at the appearance of a decided enemy to free trade in the article of Wild Oats. Accordingly, as the first step towards respectability, I eschewed coloured waistcoats, and gave out that I was a marrying man. No man under forty, unless he is a positive idiot, will stand forth as a theoretical bachelor. It is all nonsense to say that there is anything unpleasant in being courted. Attention, whether from male or female, tickles the vanity, and, although I have a reasonable, and, I hope, not unwholesome regard, for the gratification of my other appetites, I confess that this same vanity is by far the most poignant of the whole. I therefore surrendered myself freely to the soft allurements thrown in my way by such matronly denizens of Glasgow as were possessed of stock in the shape of marriageable daughters; and walked the more readily into their toils, because every party, though nominally for the purposes of tea, wound up with a hot supper, and something hotter still by way of assisting the digestion.

I don't know whether it was my determined conduct at the allocation, my territorial title, or a most exaggerated idea of my circumstances that worked upon the mind of Mr. Sawley. Possibly it was a combination of the three; but sure enough few days had elapsed before I received a formal card of invitation to a tea and serious conversation. Now serious conversation is a sort of thing that I never shone in, possibly because my early studies were framed in a different direction; but as I really was unwilling to offend the respectable coffin-maker, and as I found that the Captain of M'Alcohol—a decided trump in his way—had also received a summons, I notified my acceptance.

M'Alcohol and I went together. The Captain, an enormous brawny Celt, with superhuman whiskers, and a shock of the fieriest hair, had fagged himself out, *more majorum*, in the full Highland costume. I never saw Rob. Roy on the stage look half so dignified or ferocious. He glittered from head to foot, with dirk, pistol, and skean-dhu, and at least a hundred weight of cairngorms cast a prismatic glory around his person. I felt quite abashed beside him.

We were ushered into Mr. Sawley's drawing-room. Round the walls and at considerable distances from each other, were seated about a dozen characters male and female, all of them dressed in sable, and wearing countenances of woe. Sawley advanced, and wrung me by the hand with so piteous an expression of visage, that I could not help thinking some awful catastrophe had just befallen his family.

"You are welcome, Mr. Dunshunner, welcome to my humble tabernacle. Let me present you to Mrs. Sawley"—and a lady, who seemed to have bathed in the Yellow Sea, rose from her seat, and favoured me with a profound curtsy.

"My daughter—Miss Selina Sawley."

I felt in my brain the scorching glance of the two darkest eyes it ever was my fortune to behold, as the beautiful Selina looked up from the perusal of her handkerchief. It was a pity that the other features were not corresponding; for the nose was flat, and the mouth of such dimensions, that a Harlequin might have jumped down it with impunity—but the eyes were splendid.

In obedience to a sign from the hostess, I sank into a chair beside Selina; and not knowing exactly what to say, hazarded some observation about the weather.

"Yes, it is indeed a suggestive season. How deeply, Mr. Dunshunner, we ought to feel the pensive progress of autumn towards a soft and premature decay! I always think, about this time of the year, that nature is falling into a consumption!"

"To be sure ma'am," said I, rather taken aback by this style of colloquy, "the trees are looking devilishly hectic."

"Ah, you have remarked that too! Strange! it was but yesterday that I was wandering through Kelvin Grove, and as the phantom breeze brought down the withered foliage from the spray, I thought, how probable it was, that they

might ere long rustle over young and glowing hearts deposited prematurely in the tomb!"

This, which struck me as a very passable imitation of Dicken's pathetic writings, was a poser. In default of language, I looked Miss Sawley straight in the face, and attempted a substitute for a sigh. I was rewarded with a tender glance.

"Ah!" says she, "I see you are a congenial spirit. How delightful, and yet how rare it is to meet with any one who thinks in unison with yourself! Do you ever walk in the Necropolis, Mr. Dunshunner? It is my favourite haunt of a morning. There we can wean ourselves, as it were, from life, and beneath the melancholy yew and cypress, anticipate the setting star. How often there have I seen the procession—the funeral of some very, very little child!"

"Selina, my love," said Mrs Sawley, "have the kindness to ring for the cookies."

I, as in duty bound, started up to save the fair enthusiast the trouble, and was not sorry to observe my seat immediately occupied by a very cadaverous gentleman, who was evidently jealous of the progress I was rapidly making. Sawley, with an air of great mystery, informed me that this was a Mr. Dalgleish of Raxmathrapple, the representative of an ancient Scottish family who claimed an important heritable office. The name, I thought, was familiar to me, but there was something in the appearance of Mr. Dalgleish which, notwithstanding the smiles of Miss Selina, rendered a rivalry in that quarter utterly out of the question.

I hate injustice, so let me do due honour in description to the Sawley banquet. The tea urn most literally corresponded to its name. The table was decked out with divers platters, containing seed-cakes cut into rhomboids, almond biscuits, and ratafia drops; but somehow or other they all looked clammy and damp, and, for the life of me, I could not divest myself of the idea that the selfsame viands had figured, not long before, as funeral refreshments at a dirgie. No such suspicion seemed to cross the mind of M'Alcohol, who hitherto had remained uneasily surveying his nails in a corner, but at the first symptom of food started forwards, and was in the act of making a clean sweep of the china, when Sawley proposed the singular preliminary of a hymn.

The hymn was accordingly sung. I am thankful to say it was such a one as I never heard before, or expect to hear again; and unless it was composed by the Reverend Saunders Peden in an hour of proxyism on the moors, I can not conjecture the author. After this original symphony, tea was discussed, and after tea, to my amazement more hot brandy and water than I ever remember to have seen circulated at the most convivial party. Of course this effected a radical change in the spirits and conversation of the circle. It was again my lot to be placed by the side of the fascinating Selina, whose sentimentality gradually thawed away beneath the influence of sundry sips, which she accepted with a delicate reluctance. This time Dalgleish of Raxmathrapple had not the remotest chance. M'Alcohol got furious, sang Gaelic songs and even delivered a sermon in genuine Erse, without incurring a rebuke; whilst, for my own part, I must needs confess that I waxed unnecessarily emorous, and the last thing I recollect was the pressure of Mr. Sawley's hand at the door, as he denominated me his dear boy, and hoped I would soon come back and visit Mrs Sawley and Selina. The recollection of these passages next morning was the surest antidote to my return.

Three weeks had elapsed, and still the Glenmutchkin Railway shares were at a premium, though rather lower than when we sold. Our engineer, Watty Solder, returned from his first survey of the line, along with an assistant who really appeared to have some remote glimmering of the science and practice of mensuration. It seemed, from a verbal report, that the line was actually practicable; and the survey would have been completed in a very short time—"If," according to the account of Solder, "there had been as hoo in the glen. But ever sin' the distillery stoppit—and that was two year last Martinmas—there wasna a hole whaur a Christian could lay his head, muckle less get white sugar to his toddy, forbye the change-house at the clachan; and the auld luckie that kept it was sair forfochten wi' the palsy, and maist in the dead-thraws. There was naebdy else living within twal miles o' the line, barring a tacksman, a lamiter, and a bauldie."

We had some difficulty in preventing Mr. Solder from making this report open and patent to the public, which premature disclosure might have interfered materially with the preparation of our traffic tables, not to mention the marketable value of the shares. We therefore kept him steadily at work out of Glasgow, upon a very liberal allowance, to which, apparently, he did not object.

"Dunshunner," said M'Corkindale to me one day, "I suspect that there is something going on about our railway more than we are aware of. Have you observed that the shares are preternaturally high just now?"

"So much the better. Let's sell."

"I did so this morning—both yours and mine, at two pounds ten shillings premium."

"The deuce you did! Then we're out of the whole concern."

"Not quite. If my suspicions are correct, there's a good deal more money yet to be got from the speculation. Somebody has been bulling the stock without orders; and, as they can have no information which we are not perfectly up to, depend upon it, it is done for a purpose. I suspect Sawley and his friends. They have never been quite happy since the allocation; and I caught him yesterday pumping our broker in the back shop. We'll see in a day or two. If they are beginning a bearing operation, I know how to catch them."

And, in effect, the bearing operation commenced. Next day, heavy sales were effected for delivery in three weeks; and the stock, as if water logged, began to sink. The same thing continued for the following two days, until the premium became nearly nominal. In the mean time, Bob and I, in conjunction with two leading capitalists whom we let into the secret, bought up steadily every share that was offered; and at the end of a fortnight we found that we had purchased rather more than double the amount of the whole original stock. Sawley and his disciples, who as M'Corkindale suspected, were at the bottom of the whole transaction, having heared to their heart's content, now came into the market to purchase, in order to redeem their engagements. The following extract from the weekly share list will show the result of their endeavours to regain their lost position:—

Sat. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Frid. Sat.
GLENMUTCHKIN RAIL, £1 paid 1½ | 2½ | 4½ | 7½ | 10½ | 15½ | 17
and Monday was the day of delivery.

I have no means of knowing in what frame of mind Mr. Sawley spent the Sunday, or whether he had recourse for mental consolation to Peden; but on Monday morning he presented himself at my door in full funeral costume,

with about a quarter of a mile of crape swathed round his hat, black gloves, and a countenance infinitely more doleful than if he had been attending the interment of his beloved wife.

"Walk in, Mr. Sawley," said I cheerfully. "What a long time it is since I have had the pleasure of seeing you—too long indeed for brother directors. How are Mrs. Sawley and Miss Selina—won't you take a cup of coffee?"

"Grass, sir, grass!" said Mr. Sawley, with a sigh like the groan of a furnace-bellows. "We are all flowers of the oven—weak, erring creatures, every one of us. Ah! Mr. Dunshunner! you have been a great stranger at Lykewake Terrace!"

"Take a muffin, Mr. Sawley. Any thing new in the railway world?"

"Ah, my dear sir—my good Mr. Augustus Reginald—I wanted to have some serious conversation with you on that very point. I am afraid there is something far wrong indeed in the present state of our stock."

"Why, to be sure it is high; but that you know, is a token of the public confidence in the line. After all, the rise is nothing compared to that of several English railways; and individually, I suppose, neither of us have any reason to complain."

"I don't like it," said Sawley, watching me over the margin of his coffee cup. "I don't like it. It savours too much of gambling for a man of my habits. Selina, who is a sensible girl, has serious qualms on the subject."

"Then why not get out of it? I have no objection to run the risk, and if you like to transact with me, I will pay you ready money for every share you have at the present market price."

Sawley writhed uneasily in his chair.

"Will you sell me five hundred, Mr. Sawley? Say the word and it is a bargain."

"A time bargain?" quivered the coffin maker.

"No. Money down, and scrip handed over."

"I—I can't. The fact is, my dear young friend, I have sold all my stock already!"

"Then permit me to ask, Mr. Sawley, what possible objection you have to the present aspect of affairs? You do not surely suppose that we are going to issue new shares and bring down the market, simply because you have realized at a handsome premium?"

"A handsome premium! O Lord!" moaned Sawley.

"Why, what did you get for them?"

"Four, three, and two and a half."

"A very considerable profit indeed," said I; "and you ought to be abundantly thankful. We shall talk this matter over at another time, Mr. Sawley, but just now I must beg you to excuse me. I have a particular engagement this morning with my broker—rather a heavy transaction to settle—and so."

"It's no use beating about the bush any longer," said Mr. Sawley in an excited tone, at the same time dashing down his crape covered castor on the floor. "Did you ever see a ruined man with a large family? Look at me, Mr. Dunshunner—I'm one, and you've done it!"

"Mr. Sawley! are you in your senses?"

"That depends on circumstances. Haven't you been buying stock lately?"

"I am glad to say I have—two thousand Glenmutchkins, I think, and this is the day of delivery."

"Well, then—can't you see how the matter stands? It was I who sold them!"

"Well!"

"Mother of Moses, sir! don't you see I'm ruined!"

"By no means—but you must not swear. I pay over the money for your scrip, and you pocket a premium. It seems to me a very simple transaction."

"But I tell you I haven't got the scrip!" cried Sawley, gnashing his teeth, whilst the cold beads of perspiration gathered largely on his brow.

"That is very unfortunate! Have you lost it?"

"No!—the devil tempted me, and I oversold!"

There was a very long pause, during which I assumed an aspect of serious and dignified rebuke.

"Is it possible?" said I in a low tone, after the manner of Kean's offended fathers. "What! you, Mr. Sawley—the stoker's friend—the enemy of gambling—the father of Selina—condescend to so equivocal a transaction? You amaze me! But I never was the man to press heavily on a friend"—here Sawley brightened up—"your secret is safe with me, and it shall be your own fault if it reaches the ears of the Session. Pay me over the difference at the present market price, and I release you of your obligation."

"Then I'm in the Gazette, that's all," said Sawley doggedly, "and a wife and nine beautiful babes upon the parish! I had hoped other things from you, Mr. Dunshunner—I thought you and Selina!"

"Nonsense, man! Nobody goes into the Gazette just now—it will be time enough when the general crash comes. Out with your cheque-book, and write me an order for four-and-twenty thousand. Confound fractions! in these days one can afford to be liberal."

"I haven't got it," said Sawley. "You have no idea how bad our trade has been of late, for nobody seems to think of dying. I have not sold a gross of coffins this fortnight. But I'll tell you what—I'll give you five thousand down in cash, and ten thousand in shares—further I can't go."

"Now, Mr. Sawley," said I, "I may be blamed by worldly minded persons for what I am going to do; but I am a man of principle, and feel deeply for the situation of your amiable wife and family. I bear no malice, though it is quite clear that you intended to make me the sufferer. Pay me fifteen thousand over the counter, and we cry quits for ever."

"Won't you take Camlachie Cemetery shares? They are sure to go up."

"No."

"Twelve hundred Cowcaddens' Water, with an issue of new stock next week?"

"Not if they disseminated the Ganges."

"A thousand Ramshorn Gas—four per cent guaranteed until the act?"

"Not if they promised twenty, and melted down the sun in their retort!"

"Blawweary Iron! Best spec. going."

"No, I tell you once for all. If you don't like my offer—and it is an uncommonly liberal one—say so, and I'll expose you this afternoon upon 'Change.'"

"Well, then—there's a cheque. But may the"—

"Stop, sir! Any such profane expressions, and I shall insist upon the original bargain. So, then—now we're quits. I wish you a very good morning, Mr. Sawley, and better luck next time. Pray remember me to your amiable family."

The door had hardly closed upon the discomfited coffin maker, and I was still in the preliminary steps of an extempore *passcul*, intended as the outway

demonstration of exceeding inward joy, when Bob M'Corkindale entered. I told him the result of the morning's conference.

"You have let him off too easily," said the Political Economist. "Had I been his creditor, I certainly should have sacked the shares into the bargain. There is nothing like rigid dealing between man and man."

"I am contented with moderate profits," said I; "besides, the image of Selina overcame me. How goes it with Jobson and Grabbie?"

"Jobson has paid, and Grabbie compounded. Heckles—may he die an evil death!—has repudiated, become a lame duck, and waddled; but no doubt his estate will pay a dividend."

"So, then, we are clear of the whole Glenmutchkin business, and at a hand some profit?"

"A fair interest for the outlay of capital—nothing more. But I'm not quite done with the concern yet."

"How so? not another bearing operation?"

"No; that cock would hardly fight. But you forget that I am secretary to the company, and have a small account against them for services already rendered. I must do what I can to carry the bill through Parliament; and, as you have now sold your whole shares, I advise you to resign from the direction go down straight to Glenmutchkin, and qualify yourself for a witness. We shall give you five guineas a day, and pay all your expenses."

"Not a bad notion. But what has become of M'Closkie, and the other fellow with the jaw breaking name?"

"Vich Induibh? I have looked after their interests, as in duty bound, sold their shares at a large premium, and dispatched them to their native hills on annuities."

"And Sir Polloxen?"

"Died yesterday of spontaneous combustion."

As the company seemed breaking up, I thought I could not do better than take M'Corkindale's hint, and accordingly betook myself to Glenmutchkin, along with the Captain of M'Alcohol, and we quartered ourselves upon the Factor for Glentumblers. We found Watty Solder very shakey, and his assistant also lapsing into habits of painful inebriety. We saw little of them except of an evening, for we shot and fished the whole day, and made ourselves remarkably comfortable. By singular good luck, the plans and sections were lodged in time, and the Board of Trade very handsomely reported in our favor, with a recommendation of what they were pleased to call "the Glenmutchkin system," and a hope that it might generally be carried out. What this system was, I never clearly understood; but, of course, none of us had any objections. This circumstance gave an additional impetus to the shares, and they once more went up. I was, however, too cautious to plunge a second time into Charybdis, but M'Corkindale did, and again emerged with plunder.

When the time came for the parliamentary contest, we all emigrated to London. I still recollect, with lively satisfaction, the many pleasant days we spent in the metropolis at the company's expense. There were just a neat fifty of us, and we occupied the whole of an hotel. The discussion before the committee was long and formidable. We were opposed by four other companies who patronised lines, of which the nearest was at least a hundred miles distant from Glenmutchkin; but as they founded their opposition upon dissent from "the Glenmutchkin system" generally, the committee allowed them to be heard. We fought for three weeks a most desperate battle, and might in the end have been victorious had not our last antagonist, at the very close of his case, pointed out no less than seventy-three fatal errors in the parliamentary plan deposited by the unfortunate Solder. Why this was not done earlier, I never exactly understood; it may be, that our opponents, with gentlemanly consideration, were unwilling to curtail our sojourn in London—and their own. The drama was now finally closed, and after all preliminary expenses were paid, sixpence per share was returned to the holders upon surrender of their scrip.

Such is the accurate history of the Origin, Rise, Progress, and Fall of the Direct Glenmutchkin Railway. It contains a deep moral, if any body has sense enough to see it; if not, I have a new project in my eye for next session, of which timely notice shall be given.

HOLMES' CASPIAN.

[Third notice.]

Following the footsteps of our pleasant guide, who by not pretending to do all things touching the country through which he travelled (as is too generally the case with the wisacres, who must descant on their arts, early history, politics, antiquities, &c. &c. without understanding them, or being able to find the time needful for their investigation) has given us so lucid a picture of what he did see, we resume the narrative at Borfroosh, the chief commercial town of Mauzunderoon, which stands on flat country, about half way between the mountains and the sea, i. e. about twelve or thirteen miles from each. Here they were entertained by the governor, Ardeshir Meerza; and the following are more strange than commendable illustrations of Persian manners:

"In the evening we went to dine with the prince. We were shewn into the same room as on our first visit, and found his royal highness seated on a small rickety chair, at the head of the Russian table before mentioned. It was covered with various nondescript little dishes, and saucers of pickles, chiefly garlic; there were also two water bottles of sherbet, two black bottles conspicuously marked 'London stout,' one of which, however, contained rum, and several square decanters of Persian wine. Four glass candlesticks of Russian or German manufacture occupied the corners; they were ticketed just as they came from the shop, the tallow ran in streams upon the table from the candles, which were all of different lengths; and there being no such convenience as a pair of snuffers, Abbas Kooly Meerza, who sat at the shahzadeh's right, occasionally snuffed them with his fingers, which he wiped on the skirts of his dress."

A series of different dishes was "brought in by the young princess in waiting: first, some devilled bones; then, after an interval of twenty minutes or half an hour, another dish of the same description; and so on till about twelve o'clock, when dinner was announced, which I thought would have been finished long since, as we had been eating since seven o'clock; but I found that all this was only intended as a whet to our appetites. The dinner, however, consisted simply of a pillo and chillo, and was soon disposed of. Ardeshir Meerza was in high spirits, and laughed and chatted merrily, making occasionally most vigorous applications to the rum bottle. His band of musicians and a singer was in attendance, who kept up an incessant strumming and shouting from the time of our arrival to that of our departure, near two o'clock in the morning. There were three instrumental performers: one had a kind of drum, which he beat with his fingers; another played a mandolin; and the third a stringed instrument, placed on the ground before him, striding the cords with two small sticks. Persian singing seldom possesses any melody; and its excellence seems to consist in noise, and the most violent contortions of the vis-

age, exertions of the lungs in various shakes and roulades. The instrumental music is, at best, droning and monotonous, and often most discordant. It is curious, when the musicians are expert, to hear them for the first time, and for a few minutes; but the inevitable consequence of a prolonged performance is a headache. The black who played the little drum occasionally danced, if the term may be applied to what was merely a series of indecent postures and grimaces. The scene was rather amusing as a novelty. The prince's great delight was to tease and pull the beard of one Daoud Meerza, who sat near him on the ground. This man, a sullen, dark looking fellow, the toady of the prince, and the butt of his jests, is the son of the Zil-i-Sultaun (shadow of the sultan), so called from his extreme likeness to Fath Ali Shah. On the death of that monarch, the Zil-i-Sultaun was governor of Tehraun; and, having obtained possession of the royal treasury, proclaimed himself king, under the title of Adil Shah. He appears, however, to have been a complete imbecile; for, although master of the treasury, in a country where anything may be done by the power of money, and where no one has any scruples as to the manner in which he uses that power, he only retained possession of the throne for thirty or forty days. When the present shah's army approached Tehraun, the beglerbeg of the town was ordered to apprehend Ali Shah; and entering his presence in his own palace, walked up to him with the usual obeisance, and said, 'May it please your majesty, you are my prisoner!' Zil-i-Sultaun scratched his head, stared and looked puzzled; but at length coolly replied, 'Gussior khoob, very good, very good! I suppose I am—perhaps it is as well that I should be. It is my destiny!' and surrendered without the slightest attempt at resistance. He was confined in the fortress at Ardebeel, from whence he afterwards escaped by digging through the mud walls and fled to Georgia in company with two other princes, Alnackee Meerza, the Rookh-i-doulet (tower of the state), and Imaumverdi Meerza. Towards one o'clock, it being mentioned that we intended to go to Meshed-i-sir on the morrow, the prince called for his meerza, and ordered him to write a letter to ensure us good accommodation; and told our head-servant to send in the morning, and he would furnish us with rum and wine for our journey. Dinner having been protracted to a tedious length, we departed; the shahzadeh inviting us to dine with him on our return from Meshed-i-sir."

On their return, the second dinner presented some remarkable varieties of entertainment:

"The dinner (says our author) was a repetition of that of the former evening, but even more tedious, since it had not novelty to recommend it; and the misery of sitting at table on a small rush bottomed kitchen chair, without stirring from seven in the evening till three in the morning, is much easier imagined than described. Just as we were seated, Abbas Kooly Khan, sirdar (general,) the chief of Lorijan, came in: he was invited to join us and sat on the ground beside Daoud Meerza. The general was a fine handsome man, and seemed very merry and fond of fun. The shahzadeh was also in high spirits, which increased in proportion as the contents of the rum bottle decreased; and the chief amusement of both himself and his guests was, as before, making a butt of Daoud Meerza. Abbas Kooly Khan would endeavour to keep him in earnest conversation, while the prince stuck goose quills in his cap, and encouraged the young imps of princes, who were waiting at table, to pin pieces of paper to his dress. At last Daoud pretended to be annoyed, and starting from the ground, made a rush to the door, exclaiming, 'What dirt have I eaten that I came here? Wahi! Wahi!' The servants were told to hold him, and bring him back; and a great scuffle ensued, in which all rolled on the floor, and nearly upset the dinner table, to the great amusement of the party. All this, and the various jokes cut upon him, and his answers thereto, kept the prince, the general, and Abbas Kooly Meerza, in one continual roar of laughter the whole evening. During dinner a live jackal, taken in a trap, was brought in. We asked Ardeshir Meerza what he intended to do with it. 'Oh,' he replied, 'I don't know: sometimes we cut them in pieces with our swords, and sometimes we rub them over with naphtha and set fire to them.' An approving buzz went round at the mention of this last humane pastime, and the naphtha appeared to be the decided fate of the unfortunate victim before us; but on our intercession, which seemed quite incomprehensible to some of our friends, the shahzadeh promised that the beast should be killed in a less cruel manner; and on the morrow we saw its skin in the bazaar, its throat having been cut. In the mean time, however, it was necessary to prevent its escape, and Abbas Kooly Meerza, rising from table, sewed up its eyes; which operation being performed to his entire satisfaction, he resumed his seat. This little incident had for a moment interrupted the boisterous merriment of the party; but it was soon renewed with increased spirit; endless successions of paper-pigtails were affixed to the unhappy Daoud; quills were stuck in his cap, till he was tired with making resistance; and the room shook with the loud and reiterated peals of laughter. As I looked on the absurd scene, it was difficult to regard the prince, his general, and the master of ceremonies, as more than a pack of bearded children, and I rather wondered that they were not ashamed of making such an exhibition of themselves before strangers; but something must be attributed to the numerous empty bottles lying either on or under the table. We were delighted when all was over, and returned home, devoutly hoping never more to be subjected to such dinner parties."

At Saree, the incidental mention of a youth leads to an interesting sketch of Persian education:—

"When our visitors had departed, we went to call upon the vekeel, a nice little boy of about ten years old. On our entering the room in which he was seated, he rose, told us we were welcome, and enquired after our health with all the self-possession and gravity of a man. Having paid his compliments, however, we found that he had nothing further to say, and conversation was kept up by his minister and his tutor, who were present. Schoolmasters are the same all the world over; and I could immediately have decided on the calling of the worthy pedagogue, who sat next me from an indescribable something in his physiognomy. The system of education in this part of Persia, and I believe, elsewhere, is as follows:—When the child is about five or six years old, he is sent to school, or, if the son of a great man, generally has a private tutor. He is first taught to read the Koran and the works of some of the favourite poets, then to write, and also how to behave to superiors and inferiors, and other points of etiquette, which forms a very important branch in Persian education. The boy is kept to these several studies with little intermission or recreation nearly all day. This discipline continues till he is about fourteen years of age, when he is taught to shoot, to ride, and other manly accomplishments, which are generally far more congenial to his tastes than his former employments; and at eighteen or twenty he is married. The schoolmaster now present received sixty tomanas (30*l.*) a year as private tutor to the beglerbeg's son. When boys are sent to school, which is something like an English day school, the parents pay according to their means, from sixpence to a shilling per month."

It is thus briefly and unpretendingly (as we set out by observing) that Mr. Holmes imparts to his readers so much true insight into the actual condition of the country: it is worth a hundred pseudo learned dissertations. As for Antiquities, it is much the same. There is no display of research; but what can be more intelligent and intelligible than the following?

"Riding onwards for several miles, we came in sight of Karatuppeh, which as its name implies is built on a dark coloured mound rising abruptly from the plain. Not far distant is another similar hillock, but not surrounded by habitations. The natives can give no satisfactory information with regard to these mounds. It is very evident that they are not natural elevations; and it is probable they may be the burial places of the ancient kings of Hyrcania. Herodotus details at full length the mode of sepulture of the ancient kings of Scythia, when, after various sacrifices,—the slaughter of their wives and chief attendants,—all the bodies were piled together, with numerous utensils of gold and silver, and covered with a lofty mound of earth. The same custom may have prevailed here. I was afterwards told that one of them, called Turenge Tuppeh, a short distance from Astrabad, had been opened by Mahomed Nesser Khan, the late governor of the province, who found various rings, plates, knives, and cups of gold and copper, and also some men's bones of large size. My informant had seen these, and had a ring in his possession, which he promised to shew me, but it was forgotten. Most of these curiosities were sent to the shah and the rest kept by the finder. There are many tuppehs in Azerbaijan, similar in shape, which, when opened, have been found to contain nothing but ashes. These are by some supposed to be the remains of villages of the ancient Guebres or fire worshippers. A Guebre village was built of mud houses, ranged in a circle round the sides of a high mound, on the summit of which stood a temple. In process of time, both houses and temples having crumbled to their original dust, nothing was left but a mound of earth. Near Ispahan are the ruins of a Guebre village, in a sufficient state of preservation to shew that they were constructed in the manner just described. A friend of mine, who had resided a long time in Persia, told me that in many villages there exists a custom of throwing all the ashes and rubbish in one particular spot. They gradually accumulate to a vast heap, which assumes a conical form, as the fresh ashes are always carried to the top; and on the desertion and decay of the village, it becomes covered with a coating of earth and grass. The way of accounting for these tuppehs seems to be particularly applicable to those which have been found to consist of ashes."

Our travellers went to Gez, and thence continued their route to Astrabad, where they were ceremoniously received.

"On entering the town, a couple of files of matchlock men were drawn up, and a body of ten or twelve feroshes headed our now imposing procession, and led the way to the palace. Here we dismounted, and passing through several courts were shewn into a private garden, in the centre of which stood a small summer-house and fountain, where we found Suleiman Khan. He is a handsome and perfectly well-mannered man, of about forty years of age, and received us with great cordiality. He is of the Kadger tribe, and a nobleman of high rank. His sister is one of the king's wives, though not a particular favourite, as her nose is a trifle too much hooked: a peculiarity which runs in the family, and is held by the Persians to be very disfiguring. I have seen men that we should term handsome, considered just the reverse merely from having aquiline noses. In Fathy Ali Shah's time, Suleiman Khan lived in a house of his own at Tehraun as a private gentleman; but, for some political reasons, his property was confiscated, and he was thrown into prison. He remained there for some months, when he was set at liberty, and turned adrift on the world without a penny. He then became a dervish, and wandered for a year and a half in Khorassan and the Toorcoman desert between Astrabad and Khiva, where, he says, he was always kindly treated by the Toorcomans. When the present shah ascended the throne, Suleiman Khan returned to Tehraun, and through Hadjee Meerza Aghassee, the prime minister, got some trifling appointment at Tabreez, acting, I believe, as a spy on the late Ameer-i-Nizaum; and, after his death, he obtained the government of Astrabad. The circumstances which led to his appointment are singular, and will serve as an instance of the manner in which persons are sometimes appointed to different posts without the slightest reference to their abilities or qualifications. An artisan even, in Persia, may, by the revolutions of fortune's wheel, become a shah; and I have heard it remarked, that there is hardly a man who has not some idea of the possibility of his becoming king. An envoy in Persia once remarked that the first person to whom he should put such a question would not laugh at the idea nor deny the possibility of the event. A poor meerza was called, and asked by the envoy whether he considered it possible that he should be one day the shah of Persia. The man seemed to consider the question for a moment very seriously, and then replied, 'God knows.' There is at Tehraun a son of Fathy Ali Shah, Ali Koolay Meerza, whose mother the Hadjee married, and having no children of his own, he took a great liking to the boy, adopted him as his son, and always finds excuses for his various excesses. He is a most dissolute vagabond, generally goes by the name of Hadjeeoglu (Hadjee's son,) and lives in great state, which he keeps up by means of the bribes he receives for asking his adopted father to bestow places, pensions, and other good things in his gift to those applicants who pay best. As he has great influence with the Hadjee, who seldom refuses his requests, there is no lack of cash in his coffers. One morning Suleiman Khan went out hunting in the train of Ali Koolay Meerza, and it so happened that the same morning had also been chosen for a hunting excursion by Mohamed Cossim Khan, a son of the Ferosh bashi (chief of the Feroshes,) a powerful nobleman. The two parties took nearly the same direction, and were not far from each other when Mohamed Cossim Khan's dogs started an antelope, and gave chase; the animal ran past the prince, who fired, and killed it just before the dogs. Mohamed Cossim Khan, coming up, demanded it as his own, and expostulated with the prince for interfering with his sport. Ali Koolay Meerza refused to give up the antelope; high words ensued, and both parties being heated with wine, a fight took place, in which the prince cut his antagonist's head open with his kummar, and several persons on both sides were severely wounded. When this became known to the Ferosh-bashi he made bitter complaints to the shah, who was very angry, insisted on knowing the rights of the story, and sending for the Hadjee, lectured him on the shameful behaviour of his protégé, which was daily complained of in some way or other. The Hadjee defended his son and became sulky. For some time no one would say anything either way, fearing the consequences, as both parties were very powerful; but at last Suleiman Khan came forward with a most plausible account of the affair, which he had witnessed from beginning to end; swore on the Koran that the prince was perfectly right, and his opponent consequently wrong, and by dint of a few lies, and a plausible tongue, which he possesses in an eminent degree, he managed completely to exculpate the prince, much to the Hadjee's delight. Two days afterwards Suleiman Khan was made governor of Astrabad, to the astonishment of every

body, as these places are generally handsomely paid for, and it was well known that he did not possess a kurraun; since then he has probably been endeavouring to put his treasury in a more flourishing condition to meet future emergencies.

"In the course of conversation, remarks being made upon the nature and character of the inhabitants of Astrabad, the khan said, 'Oh, they are beasts, rascals; they are very bad;' and told us that, a few days since, one of them had enticed an aged uncle into the desert, and there sold him for eight kurrauns to a Toorcoman, with whom he had appointed a meeting for the purpose! that he (the khan) had heard of this, and by good luck managed to seize both the buyer and seller; and that, considering this a horrid crime, requiring a severe example, he proposed, on the morrow, to boil the Astrabaddee in a cauldron, and then kill the Toorcoman, having first made him breakfast on a boiled leg of the nephew! The khan drank off his wine and smacked his lips, as he said this, with infinite satisfaction and composure; and Humza Khan seemed to think the sentence unexceptionable, as, stroking his beard, he muttered *Belli, belli, inshallah! inshallah* (please God.) It appeared to us, however, rather horrible than otherwise; and we begged that some more merciful mode of punishment should be adopted. 'What you say is very true,' observed the khan; 'mercy is a very good thing in its way, but you little know the people I have to deal with: were I not to make an example of this fellow, in less than a week, by your fortunate heads, there would not be an uncle left in all Astrabad! However, as you have made the request, we will try to find some other punishment.' 'Belli, belli,' chimed in Humza Khan. The dinner was a nondescript sort of thing, consisting of various kebabs, pillaws, sherbets, wine, and rum. It was something similar to that of Ardeshir Meerza, but not quite so tedious, though it lasted at least three hours. Suleiman Khan was completely at his ease, took off his cap (not to differ from ourselves, though the Persians seldom or never do so but in the anderoon,) and drank his wine, as did Humza Khan, without the slightest hesitation or scruple. Two singers were called in, who performed till long after we were tired of hearing their monotonous quaverings. At last the khan began to sing himself, and gape, roll about, and laugh, when there was nothing to laugh at; and finally, after being exceedingly puzzled to know why he could not snuff the candles, bade us good night with a peculiarly benevolent expression of countenance, and many shakes of the hand."

OLD FLANDERS.

Or, Popular Traditions and Legends of Belgium. By Octave Delepierre, Attache to the Belgian Embassy, &c. 2 vols. London, T. C. Newby.

M. Delepierre has broken rather new ground for English readers; and that is always a strong recommendation of any literary production. But his *Traditions and Legends* possess inherent merits of their own; and often portray national characteristics with a simplicity which is pleasantly removed from the high-wrought and high-seasoned dressing of professed authorship. His preface breathes ardent patriotism; and he writes English extremely well for a foreigner. 'It is (he remarks) strange to say, that hitherto no one has thought in England of making a complete collection of Belgian legends, although few countries offer a richer harvest to the imagination that loves to reveal amidst the lore of bygone times. The popular traditions of that country possess that strong local colouring which gives to the narration of past or present events such life-warmth and energy, and which has been one of the chief elements of success in the works of Sir Walter Scott.' * * * In the ninth century we find the imposing figure of Charlemagne ruling over Belgium. It was during his frequent visits his palace of Herstal that he composed many of his immortal capitulars. A little later we have the romantic life of Baldwin, called *Bras de fer*, unrolled before us. If we turn to the Crusades, so abounding in interesting adventures, traits of character, and turns of fortune, we find that at the period when they commenced, the Belgian princes were the chiefs or these extraordinary expeditions, and that Belgian valour is justly celebrated in all the histories of these events. The Eleventh century is signalised by the affecting and terrible murder of Charles the Good, and the tragical insurrections. The singular traditions of Baldwin of Constantinople, of the Artevelde, the brilliant festivals of the reign of Philip the Good, amidst a court then unequalled for magnificence, the Knights of the Golden Fleece, the eventful and remarkable life of Charles the Fifth, that of Philip, surnamed the Demon of the North: all these events have left their popular reminiscences, many of which are fraught with the most lively and dramatic interest. We have collected materials from every source in which any thing relating to the past history of Belgium was to be found; and to the information drawn from printed books we have added that derived from a careful investigation of numerous manuscripts and ancient records, the whole eked out by oft-repeated inquiries made amongst the people of the various provinces."

The line begins early enough, viz. with Antwerp fifty-four years before the Christian era; and the story tells of a giant called Antigon, who cut off the hands of his victims and throw them bleeding into the river—for "Antwerp is the Antwerpen of the ancient Flemish language, which still preserves its original strength and richness, and its Saxon garb; Antwerpen, in which word the chroniclers find *Hand* and *Werpen*, had and throw, in remembrance of the giant Antigon, and the hands which he threw into the Scheldt."

From this we make a leap to the year 1111, from the tale belonging to which we may select a specimen of the way in which the author depicts ancient manners and customs. The Count of Flanders, determined on reforming the evils of feudal tyranny, assembles a sort of parliament at Ypres, and as he on his road thither "was traversing a glade in the forest, he was astonished to see a crowd. 'What mean these preparations?' said he; 'if I am not mistaken this shield is for the game of Quintain, and this bird for dove-shooting. But why this fair damsel all arrayed in white, crowned with flowers! this must be a wedding.' And approaching the young girl, he curbed in his prancing steed, exclaiming to those around him, 'By all the saints in paradise she is charming! Herman, why did you not tell me that a daughter of one of my vassals was going to be married so near my domain? I might have contributed something to the entertainment and joined in the festival myself.' 'I was not aware, my lord, that you would so have condescended.' 'What?' interrupted the count, 'every thing relating to the welfare of my vassals is interesting to me.' And approaching the young maiden, the count graciously presented her with a valuable ring, saying, 'Receive this as a pledge of my future protection.' The young girl, blushing, accepted the ring, and the knights, struck with her beauty, followed the example of their chief, and made her a present. They were still grouped round her, and the count, meditating on graver subjects, was already far in advance of them; 'Ah! my notice of those happy rustics has quite broken up the order of our march.' 'Malitia Diaboli!' murmured the chaplain; but a look from the count silenced him, and a cloud of dust announced the speedy return of the idlers. In the mean time the proclamation of the count had assembled all the nobles and clergy of Flanders at the

town of Ypres. Many churches, priories, and monasteries, as well as fortified walls round the town, gave to it an imposing aspect. The streets were crowded with knights and men at arms, in plain clothes, training their long cloaks on the ground, which was the fashion of those days, and carrying at their waist a dagger, the hilt of which was made of the foot of a hind. The landlords of all the inns were seated at their doors, loudly vaunting the excellence of their liquors, and inviting the passengers to try their cervoise, and good cider, and delicious hypocras. The hall of council had a grand and solemn appearance; the most distinguished of the Flemish nobility were seated on the highest benches, Jacques de Lille, son Gaultier, the lords of Gruthouse, Vassenaere, Staden, and Berchem; a number of barons and knights were seated in the lateral galleries, and the citizens, vassals, and gowmen, in those above. This grand hall formed an oblong: it was lit by eight lofty windows of painted glass, representing some of the most remarkable exploits of the heroes of Flanders: at equal distances from each other were large oaken doors, and one half open discovered a circular chapel, the altar of which was dressed. The oaken wainscot was exquisitely carved, and waxed, but forming a strange combination of subjects sacred and profane, on the painted panels, the martyrdom of St. Laurent, the loves of Jupiter, then the taking of Jerusalem by Godefroy de Bouillon. This last painting was done in honour of the late count, opposite to which was one representing the burning of the three witches at Rouen, not long past. At the further end of the hall was a spacious chimney piece, supported on each side by an enormous lion, and over them the coats of arms of the principal houses of Flanders. In front of this noble hearth was placed the chair of state for the count. The grand door was thrown open, a dead silence followed, and a herald, with a loud voice, announced the arrival of Baldwin. All rose as he entered, followed by a number of officers of state. He looked grave and thoughtful, and as if there were some persons present with whom he was displeased; he bowed but slightly, then advancing he seated himself, and desired the assembly to follow his example."

He then addresses them with a frightful picture of their excesses. "When My late father, the count, was called upon to sustain our brothers in the East, he prayed with pious trust that God would protect his native soil, and Providence did bless the laborious toil with rich harvests; and never did commerce flourish more rapidly than during the holy wars; but the wickedness of some disorderly and disloyal subjects overthrew those happy prospects, and filled the provinces with desolation. This gave great grief to my father in his last moments; and when I came to this noble possession, in what a deplorable state did I find my vassals! Misery and neglect stared me in the face; in the villages and cottages, hunger, oppression, and wretchedness; while vice walked boldly in the face of day, and poverty and disorder triumphed in the towns. The shepherd of the valleys was slain, and his rich flock dispersed, stolen, or destroyed. Merchants were attacked and robbed with impunity on the public way; young women and innocent maids seduced, insulted, torn from their homes. Such were the scenes, such the tales that greeted my return to my country! But posterity shall not say that the son of Count Robert, called by the Christians of Jerusalem their sword of glory, was deaf to the cries of his oppressed people. Noble lords! too long has the blood of our vassals been pillaged and ravaged by the insatiable avarice and shameless vice of some of their masters." Then drawing his sword, he continued: "By the great name of God, I here solemnly swear, that I will myself punish with death whoever shall violate the laws, to the disgrace of honour and justice. You gentlemen, barons, knights, and churchmen, who hear me, you have all lands, and your vassals are all oppressed, unite yourselves with me to redress these wrongs; and if there be any one amongst you, who from some hidden motives will not join us in our efforts to restore justice and exert humanity, I call upon him now to come forward and avow his reasons for doing so." The assembly were amazed at this energetic appeal, when the count, laying his naked sword upon a velvet cushion, requested his chancellor, the provost of St. Donat, to pass it on to every knight in turn, that he might take the same oath and engagement. After this ceremony the chancellor read out several new police-regulations, which were approved of by the assembly. The count then addressed the nobleman on his left hand: "Count Vassenaere," said he, "let the enquires be introduced."

They are knighted with the usual ceremonies, and swear to be true, pious, and faithful; but, alas, their resolutions and oaths are as tow in the flame! They get warmed with wine, and, in the night, eight of them set out for the abduction of the captivating rustic bride; unluckily for them the count and his chaplain also set out for the forest to witness the happiness of the same party, and come upon the Tarquins in the midst of their villany. A desperate conflict ensues, the count closing his beaver, and rushing upon them unknown; and "whilst the count was thus valiantly fighting, the chaplain, now wide awake, and quite undeceived by the nature of his lord's opponents, seeing him surrounded by so many enemies, withdrew behind the trees, and there blew on his horn, with all the strength of his lungs, the count's accustomed call, in hopes that the guards of the castle would hear it, and come to the aid of their master; but so loud was the confusion of the affray, that the call was not noticed by the combatants. But it was otherwise at the castle. A party of the guard were sleeping round the wide hearth of the common hall, where burnt a bright fire of fern and brushwood: one of them who watched was stirring from time to time with the point of his sword, and large goblets of cervoise were ready for them, when they awoke to take their turn of the watch. "By the last trumpet, what is that I hear at this hour?" exclaimed Jehan, one of the old veterans of Count Robert. "Silence," replied the other, listening; "I know those sounds, and if the count were not at Ypres, I should think—" "Baldwin," interrupted Jehan, "I pledge my head that this sound comes from the thick throat of our old chaplain, none other could be so hoarse—listen, my friends, it is the count's summons, and for us!—to horse! to horse!" and quick as thought they had cleared the castle-bridges, making full speed for Winnendale. The call continued guiding them to the scene of action, where they arrived just as the combatants were drawing their poinards for close combat. "Stop," said Jehan, in a loud voice, throwing himself between the two enemies, having by the light of the moon recognized the horse and arms of the count. "Halt yourself," said Baldwin, to his trusty guard; "and you whom I oppose, whoever you may be, hear and answer me." "Be brief then," replied the knight. "Know you against whom you have broken a lance?" "What is that to me?" "But if he were a vassal?" "I would make him kneel, and my men at arms should chastise him." "Thou hast well spoken, that be thine own sentence, and that of thy accomplices," exclaimed Baldwin; "look at me!" and he raised his vizor. What consternation! almost involuntarily and together they exclaimed "The count!" "To the castle," said Baldwin, and the whole party followed, and once again they enter the castle gates, and once again the drawbridge is raised after them. The knights, disarmed and closely guarded, were conducted to the hall of audience. The count soon joined

them, accompanied by the provost and guards. On beholding Wezel and his companions the indignant count expressed his astonishment with a bitter oath, and these words: "If counsel, warning, and threats, have no effect, we will try a severe example." He then began to reproach the guilty knights for the infamous and unworthy crime they were engaged in, reminded them of his own solemn oath, to punish with his own hand the first who should commit an act of violence in his dominions; "and here," he added, "before my own castle gates, are my peasants robbed and beaten. Lenity would here be treason to myself and to them, prepare then to pay the penalty of your crime with your life." Now the guards were doubled, cords were brought and placed round those necks so lately decorated with badges of honour and distinction; they stood on a bench, and the cords being made fast to the beams of the hall, then the count with an indignant kick of his foot, threw down the bench, and the offenders were executed. Pale and trembling, with fearful and grievous anger, the count turned away from the fatal spot, foreseeing a mortal struggle with the depravity of his confederate chiefs and the false and shameless guardians of the poor and defenceless."

From the latter tale, of 1467, when Charles the Bold succeeded his father, Philip the Good, we select some passages to illustrate our author, but without connecting them with the adventures of the human actors.

"The inhabitants of Antwerp celebrated his succession to his inheritance with much joy, and the day of Trinity of the following year was fixed on for that purpose. Every preparation was made by the people of Antwerp; the streets were planted with shrubs, and from tree to tree were suspended whole rolls of cloth of various bright colours, and the fronts of the houses were covered with moss and flowers interspersed, which perfumed the air; with a little stretch of fancy, you might have imagined yourself amidst the balmy atmosphere of some more genial land. Complimentary verses and mottoes, in Latin and Flemish were placed over conspicuous archway or entrance; cages of singing birds were hung in the windows, gilded and adorned with flowers; and a more than usual heartfelt joyousness inspired these accustomed emblems of ceremony and rejoicing. All the images of different saints, placed at the corners of the streets, or over doors, were richly dressed in silk, lace, velvet, and jewels, and in every direction fluttered flags and banners, many of which were richly worked in gold and silver. But what is most curious upon record are the mysteries from holy writings, which were acted in the squares and public streets. In the egg-market was a stable built of straw and sticks, one side of which was left open, and there you might see a woman in a robe of red silk, after the manner of Judea; she sat with the infant Jesus in her arms, and was proudly showing him off to angels, come to pay him adoration. Before her, three young men were kneeling with crooks in their hands, personating the shepherds; for this was the mystery of our Saviour's birth. Near one of the canals was a similar hovel, where also a woman was placed, representing the Virgin. She had also an infant on her lap, and three men were kneeling before her, presenting offerings of myrrh and sweet incense; a fourth actor in this mystery was a man supposed to be St. Joseph; he was sawing wood. Such representations were to be seen in every street. Before the town hall was performed the flight into Egypt. In another place was St. Ann with her predestined daughter, and many others. But these scenes attracted little admiration in comparison to that which was performing in the Friday market place, which was beautiful from its simplicity, and from the perfect loveliness of the female who represented the Virgin. Against the front of a handsome house was erected a sort of altar, considerably raised above the street, before which was seated a young girl, she was in a graceful attitude of thoughtfulness, and from time to time an angel, a youth, with long wings and flowing robes, was let down from a window, and descended before her, saying, 'Hail! Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with you!' He was then very ingeniously drawn up again. This contrivance delighted the people, to whom it was new; every time the angel appeared they clapped their hands, and shouted. But it was not the youth whom they most admired, it was the young girl, whose surpassing beauty fixed the admiring gaze of every passer-by, and occasioned a crowd around her. She was a young creature, not more than seventeen, of most slender and delicate form, seated in a chair of state, and a perfectly graceful attitude. A crown of gold was on her head, and a vast profusion of fair shining hair flowed over her alabaster neck and shoulders in rich natural ringlets; her hands, of peculiar delicacy, rested on her knees, in the position often chosen by painters and sculptors to represent the calm and meditative Virgin. They were of a pure white, like agate; her feet, of the same nice exquisite proportions, were bound round with sandals of ribbon; and the full flowing sleeves of her dress partially marked out her perfect form. Many stood in admiration of her so long, that they began to forget she was not in reality the personage she was only placed here to represent."

"The sun was still above the horizon, though hastening fast below it, leaving only some flickering beams upon the upper windows towards the west, whilst dark shadows rolled over the lower parts of the town. Still the streets were full of strange things and strange faces. People of various nations crowded the streets; Spaniards and Portuguese, with their wide cloaks crossed over their breasts and their plumes waving on their heads; Frenchmen, with their tight trousers, loaded with bunches of ribbons; Germans, in close short jackets and white pantaloons; and Italians, with their rich bronzed complexions and bright dark eyes shaded by flapping hats. Scarce a national costume in Europe was wanting in the curious picture. Head after head, colour after colour, passed rapidly by; glittering armour, neighing horses, tall spearmen, all continually changing place, and accompanied by shouting and singing; but the scene was becoming indistinct, the mysteries had been acted over and over, and the temporary altars and other light structures were taken down."

The life of Baldwin of Constantinople is the chief subject in these volumes; but their instances of the monstrous oppressions and cruelties of the Duke of Alva and the Spanish tyrants in the Low Countries will be read with greater interest by a people descended from those into whose homes and hearths the famous Armada was destined to bear the same atrocities. And we take pleasure in recommending this publication, as containing many mingled truths and traditions, realities and legends, of these terrible times; as well as striking accounts of the other periods embraced within the cycle of M. Delepierre's first publication. If successful (as it ought to be,) we are glad to see he has materials for a sequel.

VISIT TO A PRIVATE ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE OF THE HIGHER CLASSES.

When lately in London, we received an invitation to dine at Wykehouse, near Brentford, with Dr. and Mrs. Costello and their patients. What would the 'Man of Feeling,' who wrote a sentimental description of the horrors of Bedlam sixty years ago, with its ferocious maniacs, and more ferocious keepers, —its cells, and straw, and chains, and scourges—have said to such an invita-

tion! In one of the richest and most beautiful vicinages of London, about a mile up the hill from Sion House, shaded and dignified by oaks, ancient elms, and blooming horse-chestnuts, and adorned by shrubbery, flower beds, and general verdure, we found Wykehouse, a seat of the Earl of Jersey, and rented by Dr Costello, as an establishment for the safety and cure of the richest insane. The bell at the gate was answered by a servant, who conducted us to the house through a perfect flush of lilacs, laburnums, rhododendrons, and flowering shrubs of all descriptions; and, as one symptom of the safety of the place, we met a nurse carrying an infant, a child of the doctor's.

As the family had begun dinner, we were introduced at once to the dining-room in which sat at table the master and mistress of the house, with eight gentlemen, all patients. We were cordially received by our host and his lady, and introduced to the rest of the company, who rose to welcome us. During the meal, we were the objects of much polite attention. Each individual seemed to wish to take his share of the duty of dispensing the hospitalities; offering the condiments, recommending the dish near him, remarking on the topics of the season and the day, and showing much curiosity to hear our news and ascertain our sentiments. During the time we were at table, not a word, look or gesture occurred which could have raised the slightest suspicion that we were not in the company of the perfectly sane. One of the patients, a clergyman, who performs the religious exercises of the house, including a sermon on Sunday, was asked to return thanks, which he did with becoming reverence, when the eight gentlemen rose and retired from table, leaving us with our host and hostess.

We were in a spacious and elegant dining-room, built by the celebrated 'Jack Robinson,' who, before Joseph Hume's time, feathered his nest from the consolidated fund to so audacious an extent, that Sheridan called the attention of parliament to his practices; and when challenged to name the delinquent, declined, though he added he could as easily have named him as say 'Jack Robinson.' The dining-room was built for the visits of George III., of whom Robinson was a favourite. He built extensive ranges of bedrooms in barrack fashion for numerous guests of rank, of whom his lavish house was always full; which apartments have been found conveniently convertible to the present purposes of the mansion. Before leaving the table for a walk in the grounds and gardens, we were favoured by our host with a brier exposition of his mode of dealing with his patients, powerfully suggesting the advance which has been made in the treatment of the insane during the last fifty years. The inmates of this establishment are under no personal restraint whatever. There is not a strait-waistcoat, a belt, or pair of hand-muffs under the roof. Taking advantage of the fact, that there is much more sanity than insanity in the great majority of the insane, and of the improved knowledge now acquired on the nature of insanity itself, the paroxysms of which alone require watching. Dr and Mrs Costello (for the lady does a large and most important part of the duty) direct all their moral energies upon the balance of sanity remaining in the patient's favour, and always with the most satisfactory results. Confidence is reposed; the patient's word of honour is trusted to, and seldom if ever broken. The beautiful grounds and gardens are freely ranged; even the neighbourhood is free to some. An elegant drawing-room, where the lady presides, is open—the place secures decorum. The lady's power is an interesting phenomenon: it seems to be, and really is, greater than her husband's. None but gentlemen can come into her mild and gentle presence; and we were assured that a look from her, still more, a quiet caution, will check a strong man who may for the moment be in danger of forgetting himself. It is remarkable how seldom the hallucinations of the patients come out in the dining-room. These are voted 'parish business,' and a bore; and although one of the party might just have discovered the longitude or the perpetual motion, another received the thanks of parliament for a victory, or a third a judgment in chancery, declaring him master of millions, not a word would be heard on those tempting topics in the drawing room or at the dinner table of Wykehouse. A breach of these mild yet rigid laws would be followed by the temporary exclusion of the individual, with the full approbation of the rest. Abuse of liberty is punished by narrowing by degree its limits, till it is at last circumscribed by the wall of a paved court. No one needs to stay long there; but enlargement has its conditions, perfectly intelligible to every patient in the establishment.

When we walked out, we saw some of the gentlemen playing with the child, others reading in the beautiful groves, and three or four assisting Mrs Costello to cull and pack an enormous bouquet of lilacs and hawthorn blossoms for a jar in the drawing-room. We joined the party, and assisted, and were much struck with the gallantry, politeness, and respect with which the lady was treated. This direction of female influence is a new element in its various applications in society. It reforms the imprisoned criminal; it purifies and humanises the educators of the young of the rougher sex; it exercises a power over the insane themselves that renders them as pliant as children. Yet Mrs Costello is a slight, little woman, whom any one of the subjects over whom she rules could annihilate in an instant. Indeed, we should say that the insane are peculiarly amenable to just such an influence; for their malady in most cases produces a simplicity of general character, often almost child-like.

We assembled at tea in the drawing-room and enjoyed an hour of general conversation, when the party again dispersed through the grounds; and as we drove off in the twilight of a beautiful June evening, we had hands held out to us by the near, and hats lifted by the distant, till the gate shut behind us, and we were on our road to London. On our way, Dr Costello, who accompanied us, showed us a villa or cottage a mile or two from Wykehouse, which on account of its romantic groves and large lake teeming with fish, he has taken on lease, as a sort of occasional holiday and pic-nic resort for his well-behaved patients.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF GREAT NAMES.

Every one must have noticed the fact, that some of the greatest names among the ancients have been strangely degraded and misapplied by the moderns. Demosthenes, Themistocles, Anaxagoras, and other names of many syllables, have escaped in consequence of their length; but shorter ones have fared badly. In England, in the days when it was fashionable to keep black footmen, and in the United States of America at the present time, the illustrious names of Cæsar, Pompey, Gracchus, Scipio, and Cato, were and are constantly given in derisive dignity to slaves and menials, and as frequently bestowed upon dogs of all breeds and sizes. Nero has been another favourite name, but being suggestive of ferocity, has been reserved for the exclusive use of the brute creation—most commonly for lions or bull-dogs. Brutus, although the name might provoke a pun, has not been considered good enough even for the brutes, and has been applied in modern parlance to the peculiar cut of a man's hair. Cupid has been the tender name for an ape or a monkey; and Neptune, Hebe, Juno, Juba, and other names of mortals and immortals, have been lavished upon pet dogs, and all the brute favourites of the ladies.

While the moderns have taken these liberties with the names of the ancients, they have not exempted the names of their contemporaries from the same kind of popularity. The hero of Waterloo has given almost as much renown to the fashion of our boots as to the field on which he fought; and his name is nearly as closely identified with them as with the remembrance of his great victory. 'Brougham—a kind of carriage,' may hereafter stand in the dictionaries of our vernacular tongue as long as the name of Brougham the lawyer, philosopher, and statesman, stands in the page of English history; and the name of the husband of our present sovereign may be as well remembered by future ages in connexion with the shape of a military hat and the tie of a cravat, as with the crown of Great Britain.

But while this abuse of names, slight as it is, has been noticed by most people, there is another and greater abuse connected with names which has excited but little attention, and which might be remedied with advantage; or, more properly speaking, there is a use for great names to which they have never yet been sufficiently applied. We allude more particularly to the names of places. In primitive periods of society such names have been singularly appropriate, and often highly poetical, being derived either from the physical conformation or peculiarities of the spot to be designated, or from some remarkable event of its history. It has not been possible in a later stage of civilisation to carry out this principle to its full extent, and names have been necessarily given in a more arbitrary manner. The reader will remember Wordsworth's poem on the 'Naming of Places,' in which, with much gracefulness and fancy, he has given names to such of the hills and dales of his own neighbourhood as have received none from the shepherds or country people, but are associated with family incidents or recollections of his own life. Upon a similar principle, though with less dignity of result, the builders of most of our new streets seem to choose designations for them. The name of a member of their own or a friend's family generally supplies the readiest hint, and Charles Streets, or John Streets, or Anne Streets, or Catharine Streets, as the case may be, abound all over the country. Failing these, loyalty, often very absurdly manifested amongst us, supplies the next hint, and names of the sovereign and the royal family are brought into requisition. Thus we see in the neighbourhood of London and of other large cities, Victoria Streets, Victoria Places, and Victoria Terraces, with Albert Rows, Albert Crescents, and Albert Squares innumerable. So little invention and taste are displayed, that the only varieties that seem at all popular are such names as Belvidere, Bellevue, or Prospect Places or Terraces; and these, as far as London and its views are concerned, are generally as inappropriate as names can well be. In the metropolis alone, besides these countless Prospect Places, it has been observed that there are upwards of forty King Streets, Prince Streets, Duke Streets, Charlotte Streets, and George Streets. The most beautiful portions of Edinburgh are named in this way, chiefly after members of the family of George III. Very frequently, too, some great event of modern history, which has taken a firm hold upon the popular imagination, supplies another hint for names for our thoroughfares. The battle of Waterloo is the most remarkable example that we can think of, and it would be interesting to know to what precise number of streets and buildings, from Waterloo Road and Bridge downwards, it has given the name, nor in London alone, but throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland. The linen-draper's shops in London that are called 'Waterloo Houses,' would of themselves fill a long list. Wellington has been almost as popular a name as Waterloo for this purpose; but, strange to say, considering that we are a naval people, Nelson and Trafalgar have not been favourite to anything like the same extent. We are not sure whether Nelson Square in the Blackfriars Road was named after the hero, or after some obscure individual (the builder or proprietor perhaps) with the same patronymic; but Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross, is the only public place that has been named after his greatest victory. This was done at the especial request of his late majesty William IV., who, with a characteristic love of his own profession, did not think it quite fair to consecrate the military victory to so enormous an extent, and to leave the great naval one altogether unassociated with any public thoroughfare in the country. Small as our own inventive powers are in this respect, even less are employed in the new towns and cities that rise so rapidly in the United States of America. We must, however, admit that they display considerably more of method and regularity. Thus we hear of long lines of streets crossing each other at right angles with such names as First North Street, Second North Street, Third North Street, Fourth North Street, and so on to ten or a dozen; while South Streets, East Streets, and West Streets, are numbered in the same manner. They have also in New York, First Street, Second Street, Third Street, and so on up to Thirty-seventh Street; with room enough, extending in the same direction on Manhattan Island, to realise at no very distant day a Thousand-and-oneth Street—to use an expressive Yankeeism. In Philadelphia, they have A Street, B Street, and C Street and South A Street, South B Street, &c. This, if not poetical or graceful, is at all events convenient, and far better than the eternal John Streets and King Streets of Great Britain.

In this matter, unimportant as it may seem at the first glance, there is surely great room for improvement. We throw out the hint for a better system to all proprietors and projectors of new streets, and more especially to the enterprising and intelligent men under whose auspices the town of Birkenhead is rising so fast into beauty and greatness. They have an opportunity of making it an example to be copied in due time by the whole country, and of raising a series of cheap and enduring monuments to the distinguished men who have conferred honour upon the British race and name either in past or in present times. We would urge them to name their streets upon a more enlightened and philosophic plan than has ever yet been attempted; and by so doing, they will give the crowning grace to a city (for city it will become) which has better arrangements for draining, lighting, and the supply of water, than any old or new town that has yet arisen, and which is constructed in every other respect as a town of the new generation ought to be constructed. Let them by all means make out a list of the most eminent men in art, science, literature, philosophy, or statesmanship, or who have conferred renown upon their country, and benefit on the human race, by their intellectual or moral greatness, and name their streets after them. In the United States of America they have not only squares, terraces, and streets, but whole counties named after their illustrious men—Madison, Jefferson, Clinton, Monroe, Adams, Jackson, Everett, Lafayette, Washington, Franklin, and others of less note to Europeans. In France, too, similar honour is paid to Frenchmen and to Englishmen, of which there is a remarkable instance in the Avenue de Lord Byron at Paris. London has no Shakespeare Street (Edinburgh has a square unworthy of so great a name), neither has it an Isaac Newton Street, a Herschel Street, a Harvey Street, a Jenner Street, a John Locke Street, an Arkwright Street, a Watt Street, a Byron Street, a Napier Street, a Tillotson Street, a Latimer Street, or unless by accident, a street named after any man whose intellectual achievements

were the glory of his age. An exception must be made in favour of Milton Street, which is the name the moderns have very properly given to the new street that has arisen on the site of the ancient Grub Street. The Addison Road, near Holland House, Kensington, may also be called an exception, as having been named after the celebrated essayist of the Spectator. It is true that the name was not given entirely for his literary renown, but partly because, by his marriage with the Countess of Warwick, he was connected with the ancestry of the present proprietors. Still, a good example was set by it, and, as such, it is right it should be recorded. Birkenhead has now a fine opportunity of being superior to London in this respect, and we shall be most happy if this slight notice of the subject shall lead its projectors to even a partial adoption of the reformation we have suggested.

One word in conclusion upon the naming of ships. If we look over a list of the British navy, or at the shipping list of any port, we find a similar disregard of all the truly great names of the country. Thunderers, Spitfires, Gorgons, Medusas, Furies, Harpies, Victories, Defiances, Growlers, Bucentaurs, Dreadnoughts, Terrors, Erebus, Invincibles, Beelzebubs, and other names of equal fierceness, abound in our navy, whilst our commercial marine is mainly composed of Elizabeths, Lucys, Janes, Kates, Mary Annes, and Carolines, varied occasionally by names of flowers, or by the titles of the local aristocracy of the ports to which they trade. As has been said a thousand times before, with reference to other subjects—they order these matters better in France. A glance at the list of the vessels composing the steam navy of our neighbours, supplies us with the names not only of eminent Frenchmen, but of Englishmen, Spaniards, Portuguese, &c. and of the ancients as well as the moderns. Amongst others, we find the Vauban, the Descartes, the Magellan, the Christopher Columbus, the Cuvier, the Colbert, the Newton, the Plato, the Socrates, the Roland, the Gassendi, the Lavoisier, the Coligni and Fulton. Trifling as these matters may appear to some, they do not appear so to us. They show the disposition of the people to appreciate intellectual greatness, and to give honour where honour is due: and from such honour to the departed grows the emulation and the glory of the living.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

MRS. CAUDLE "HAS BEEN TOLD" THAT CAUDLE HAS "TAKEN TO PLAY" AT BILLIARDS.

Oh, you're very late to-night, dear. *It's not late?* Well, then, it isn't, that's all. Of course, a woman can never tell when it's late. You were late on Tuesday, too: a little late on the Friday before; on the Wednesday before that—now, you needn't twist about in that manner; I'm not going to say anything—no; for I see it's now no use. Once, I own, it used to fret me when you staid out; but that's all over: you've now brought me to that state. Caudle—and it's your own fault, entirely—that I don't care whether you ever come home or not. I never thought I could be brought to think so little of you; but you've done it: you've been treading on the worm for these twenty years, and it's turned at last.

"Now, I'm not going to quarrel; that's all over: I don't feel enough for you to quarrel with,—I don't, Caudle, as true as I'm in this bed. All I want of you is—any other man would speak to his wife, and not lie there like a log—all I want is this. Just tell me where you were on Tuesday! You were not at dear mother's, though you know she's not well, and you know she thinks of leaving the dear children her money; but you never had any feeling for anybody belonging to me. And you were not at your Club: no I know that. And you were not at any theatre. *How do I know?* Ha, Mr Caudle! I only wish I didn't know. No; you were not at any of these places; but I know well enough where you were. *Then why do I ask, if I know?* That's it: just to prove what a hypocrite you are: just to show you that you can't deceive me.

"So, Mr. Caudle—you've turned billiard-player, sir. *Only once?* That's quite enough: you might as well play a thousand times; for you're a lost man, Caudle. Only once, indeed. I wonder, if I was to say 'Only once,' what would you say to me? But, of course, a man can do no wrong in anything.

"And you're a lord of the creation, Mr. Caudle; and you can stay away from the comforts of your blessed fireside, and the society of your own wife and children—though, to be sure, you never thought anything of them—to push ivory balls about with a long stick upon a green table-cloth. What pleasure any man can take in such stuff must astonish any sensible woman. I pity you, Caudle!

"And you can go and do nothing but make 'cannons'—for that's the gibberish they talk at billiards—when there's the manly and athletic game of cribbage, as my poor grandmother used to call it, at your own hearth. You can go into a billiard room—you, a respectable tradesman, or as you set yourself up for one, for if the world knew all, there's very little respectability in you—you can go and play-billiards with a set of creatures in mustachios, when you might take nice, quiet hand with me at home. But no! anything but cribbage with your own wife!

"Caudle, it's all over now; you've gone to destruction. I never knew a man enter a billiard-room that he wasn't lost for ever. There was my uncle Wardle; a better man never broke the bread of life: he took to billiards, and he didn't live with aunt a month afterwards. *A lucky fellow!* And that's what you call a man who leaves his wife—a 'lucky fellow'? But, to be sure, what can I expect? We shall not be together long, now: it is been some time coming, but, at last, we must separate: and the wife I've been to you!

"But I know who it is; it's that fiend, Prettyman. I *will* call him a fiend, and I'm by no means a foolish woman: you'd no more have thought of billiards than a goose, if it hadn't been for him. Now, it's no use, Caudle, your telling me that you've only been once, and that you can't hit a ball anyhow—you'll soon get over all that; and then you'll never be at home. You'll be a marked man, Caudle; yes, marked: there'll be something about you that'll be dreadful; for if I couldn't tell a billiard-player by his looks, I've no eyes, that's all. They all of 'em look as yellow as parchment, and wear mustachios—I suppose you'll let yours grow, now; though they'll be a good deal troubled to come, I know that. Yes, they've all a yellow and sly look; just for all as if they were first cousins to people that picked pockets. And that will be your case, Caudle: in six months, the dear children won't know their own father.

"Well, if I know myself at all, I could have borne anything but billiards. The companions you'll find! The Captains that will be always borrowing fifty pounds of you! I tell you, Caudle, a billiard room's a place where ruin of all sorts is made easy, I may say, to the lowest understanding,—so you can't miss it. It's a chapel of ease for the devil to preach in—d n't tell me not to be eloquent: I don't know what you mean, Mr. Caudle, and I shall be just as eloquent as I like. But I never can open my lips—and it isn't often, goodness knows!—that I'm not insulted.

"No, I won't be quiet on this matter; I won't, Caudle: on any other, I wouldn't say a word—and you know it—if you didn't like it; but on this matter, I *will* speak. I know you can't play at billiards; and never could learn—I dare say not; but that makes it all the worse, for look at the money you'll lose; see the ruin you'll be brought to. It's no use your telling me you'll not play—now you can't help it. And nicely you'll be eaten up. Don't talk to me; dear aunt told me all about it. The lots of fellows that go every day into billiard rooms to get their dinners, just as a fox sneaks into a farm yard to look about him for a fat goose,—and they'll eat you up, Caudle; I know they will.

"Billiard balls, indeed! Well, in my time, I've been over Woolwich Arsenal—you were something like a man, then, for it was just before we were married—and then, I saw all sorts of balls; mountains of 'em, to be shot away at churches, and into people's peaceable habitations, breaking the china, and nobody knows what—I say, I've seen all these balls—well, I know I've said that before; but I choose to say it again—and there's not one of 'em, iron as they are, that could do half the mischief of a billiard ball. That's a ball, Caudle, that's gone clean through many a wife's heart, to say nothing of her children. And that's a ball, that night and day you'll be destroying your family with. Don't tell me you'll not play! When a man's once given to it—as my poor aunt used to say—the devil's always tempting him with a ball, as he tempted Eve with an apple.

"I shall never think of being happy any more. No: that's quite out of the question. You'll be there every night—I know you will, better than you, so don't deny it—every night over that wicked green cloth. Green, indeed! It's red, crimson red, Caudle, if you could only properly see it—crimson red, with the hearts those balls have broken. Don't tell me not to be pathetic—I shall: as pathetic as it suits me. I suppose I may speak. However, I've done. It's all settled now. You're a billiard player, and I'm a wretched woman."

"I did not deny either position," writes Caudle, "and for this reason—I wanted to sleep."

THE GOOD CONSCIENCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME GUIZOT.

A band of robbers had secretly entered a provincial town in France, several houses had been plundered, sideboards of plate emptied, and desks forced open. The robbers had played their part with so much skill and success, that they had in every case escaped detection. They directed their attacks to the houses of the most wealthy, and chose the most favourable hours for the execution of their plans, first entered those houses whose inhabitants retired early to rest, and afterwards those in which later hours were kept. It was evident that they were well informed, well directed, and that facility was given them to enter and leave the town by the windows or roofs of some houses on the ramparts, where traces of them had been discovered. One of those houses was inhabited by a carpenter named Benoit, on whom suspicion strongly fell; for he had but lately come to live in the town, and was very little known. Besides this, he had a gloomy expression of countenance, which repelled people; his brows were dark and closely knit, and he had a long scar across his face. He scarcely ever spoke even, to his wife, to whom he was otherwise a kind husband; though it must be confessed that his taciturnity, and his dislike of repeating the same thing twice, inspired her with a little awe, so that the gossip of the neighbourhood greatly pitied Madame Benoit. He never beat his son Silvester, but he did not allow him to be disobedient or to argue; and though he was but seven years old, he made him work; and the little boys who saw Silvester run off to his work when he observed his father coming, were afraid of him, and called him 'the wicked Benoit.' Finally, it was known that Benoit had followed various callings; that he had been a soldier, that he had seen a great deal of the world and must consequently have met with many adventures; but as he never related any stories, it was concluded that he could have nothing good to relate. From the time that suspicion fell on him, every little incident was collected that could tend to confirm it. He had never been in the habit of frequenting public houses, and it was remarked that he had been at one the day preceding the robbery; that he was drinking and conversing familiarly with two ill looking men, who did not belong to the town, and who had not been seen there since. A neighbour declared that, having gone to the window at eleven o'clock on the night of the robbery, Benoit's door, which was usually shut at nine o'clock, was half open, though there was no light in the shop. At length they began to examine the place by which it was suspected the robbers had entered, and where a silver spoon, supposed to have been stolen by them, had been picked up. It was exactly opposite a garret window in Benoit's house: they perceived also a bit of cord hanging from the window, which had probably served to fasten a ladder; they even discovered the marks of the ladder, and the prints of men's feet under the window. From all these circumstances, Benoit was apprehended and put in prison. He suffered himself to be conducted there with the greatest composure, for he felt that he was innocent. The occurrences which led to his apprehension were as follows:—An old soldier named Trappe, a comrade of Benoit's, had lately come and established himself as a hairdresser in the town. He had on one occasion saved the life of Benoit when sorely pressed by the enemy, so that Benoit received him kindly, though he disliked his character, and considered him a boasting liar, if not a rogue.

The day before the robbery, Trappe came to visit Benoit, and told him two of their old comrades, who had served in the same regiment, were passing through the town, and that he must come and drink a bottle with them. He reminded him that it was the anniversary of the battle in which he had saved his life. Benoit scarcely knew how he could refuse the invitation, and wished even to pay his share, but they would not allow him. They endeavoured to make him drunk, and to make him talk, in hopes of getting information from him; for Trappe and his companions formed part of the gang who were to enter the town that night. They wished to make him drunk that he might not hear what would happen in his house, or be in a less fit state to resist them: however, Benoit spoke but little, and only drank enough to make his head rather more heavy, and his sleep rather more sound than usual. The next morning he perceived that his shop door had been opened, which astonished him a good deal, as he was certain that he had fastened it on the previous evening. He went up stairs, and found that his garret window, which he had also secured, was open, and that a bag of beans which he had left there had been carried off. He did not say a word about all this, for it was not his custom to speak of things before he well understood them; but he thought a good deal of the matter. On going out to his work, he found the whole town in a tumult; every one was talking of the robbery which had been committed during the night. It was reported that two suspicious looking men were seen the day before in some of the public houses, and the one in which he had been with Trappe and his companions were particularly mentioned. Ere long, he perceived that people

avoided speaking before him, and that they looked at him with suspicion. He recollected that when he left the public house on the previous evening, Trappe had followed him with a bottle in his hand, and went up stairs to the room in which his wife and son were, and that he made them drink two glasses of wine—most probably to intoxicate them; he also remembered, that having looked out of the window, just after Trappe went down stairs, he did not see him go out. From all these circumstances, he concluded that he must have concealed himself in the house, and that it was he who had opened the window and door for the robbers. He went in search of him, and taxed him with the fact. Trappe at first pretended not to understand him, and then grew angry; but he was evidently agitated. 'You saved my life,' said Benoit, 'and I do not wish to injure you; but if you have done this deed, be off, and never let me see you more, or I may bring you into trouble.' The next morning Trappe disappeared and it was on that day that Benoit was arrested. He was asked whether it was he who opened the window and door; to which he answered no. He was then asked if he knew by whom they were opened. He replied that he did not; in fact, he had no certainty that it was Trappe. He was next asked whether there was any person he suspected; to which he replied that, as he was himself arrested on suspicion, his suspicions might cause another to be arrested who might be equally innocent, and that therefore, if he had any, he would not divulge them. In fine, he gave true answers to every question, but without any addition, or saying a word that could inculpate Trappe. When the examination was over, as there was no proof against Benoit, they were obliged to set him at liberty, though every one felt fully persuaded that it was he who had given admission to the robbers. He saw this by the manner in which they announced to him that he was free, and also by the conversation he heard in crossing the court; but it did not seem to affect him in the least. When he reached home, after having embraced his wife, who was overjoyed at his return, he embraced his son, and said calmly, 'Silvester, you will hear it said everywhere, that though I have been acquitted, I am not the less a rogue and that it was I who opened the way for the robbers; but do not let that trouble you, for it will not last long.' His wife was frightened by what he said, but would not believe it till she went out to receive the congratulations of her friends. Some turned their backs on her, others looked at her with compassion, and shrugged their shoulders, as much as to say, poor woman! it is not her fault. Others again told her what they thought about it. After having been insulted by three or four, she returned crying and sobbing, and declared that she could not live any longer in that place, and that they must absolutely quit it.

"If I leave this," said Benoit, "I shall leave nothing after me but a bad name."

"What good will it do you to remain here?" asked his wife.

"I will recover a good one."

"You will lose all your customers."

"No; for I will be the best workman in the town."

"There are good workmen besides you. What will make you superior to them?"

"When things are most difficult, it is only to take more trouble about them."

Benoit had some work in hand at the time he was apprehended: he completed it with so much promptitude and perfection, and at such a moderate charge, that those for whom he was working continued to employ him, although they had not a very good opinion of his character. He now determined to rise two hours earlier, and go to bed later, than he had been in the habit of doing, and also to work with greater assiduity, so that, by seldom being obliged to hire workmen, he could make moderate charges, although he gave the very best timber and workmanship. By these means he not only retained his old customers, but gained new ones.

He plainly perceived that he was still a suspected person, and that precaution was taken not to leave him by himself in a room; but this he took no further notice of than by a quiet smile. But if, in passing through the streets, any one proposed to him to join in some wicked design, he gave him a look that prevented all desire to repeat it.

He saw that his accounts were examined with peculiar care; but he made them out so clearly, so detailed, and so minute, that people ended by saying he was too particular. 'No,' he would say; 'I know very well that you have a bad opinion of me, and it is necessary that you should be thoroughly convinced that I am not cheating you.'

A fire broke out in a house in the neighbourhood, and threatened to reach the adjoining one; several workmen had endeavoured to cut off the communication; but all had abandoned it as being too hazardous. When Benoit arrived at the door of the threatened house, he saw that the servants were afraid to admit him without their master's orders; but he pushed past them, and forced his way saying, 'the first thing is to save your house; you can afterwards see whether any thing is lost.' He went up alone to the top of the house, which had been deserted by every one. As he was crossing one of the rooms, he saw a watch upon the mantelpiece, which he put in his pocket, least any one else should take it; but recollecting that he might perish in the enterprise, and that if the watch was found on him, it would be supposed that he had stolen it, he hid it in a hole in the wall. He then climbed to the place which had begun to take fire, cut through it with a hatchet, and stopped all communication. As he was returning down the stairs he met the master of the house, and showed him where he had concealed the watch. 'I put it there,' said he, 'because any person could have taken it, and you would have believed that it was I.'

So many proofs of honesty and sincerity in the regular conduct of Benoit, in which all the espionage of his neighbours could not detect a flaw, began to make an impression in his favour.

A man of great wealth came to settle in the neighbourhood, for the purpose of building a large manufactory. He inquired for the best carpenter, and it was impossible not to point out Benoit. He employed him, and was so much pleased with his intelligence, his zeal, and his integrity, that he declared it to be his conviction that Benoit could not be anything but an upright, honest man. As he was a person of influence, this produced a great effect, and his reputation as a workman extended through the province, and brought him considerable increase of business; it also made him acquainted with a great many influential persons, and every one by whom he was employed formed a good opinion of his character. He was no longer watched, though he was still asked how it was that his window and door were found open for the passage of the robbers, many believing that he knew. The gentleman who employed him in the building of the manufactory and who took a great interest in him, told him that he ought to try to explain that circumstance. 'I will leave it to the character I shall establish as an honest man, to make such an explanation needless,' said Benoit. At length people began to think no more of the matter, and felt sure that he could have had no part in it.

One of the robbers was taken some time afterwards, and related the whole circumstances.

People came to congratulate Benoit. 'Whatever I may have suffered from an unjust suspicion,' said he, 'a good conscience enabled me to bear it, as I felt sure that one day all would be cleared up. I well know that a just Providence would not long suffer that an honest man should pass for a rogue.'

THE MUSIC OF THE SANCTUARY.

BY THE EDITOR.—No. I.

It is an indisputable truth that every faculty of the human mind has two great purposes to fulfil. Each of these faculties has been implanted in our nature by the All merciful and All-benevolent Creator, in the first place to contribute to our comfort, welfare, and happiness; and secondly, as is our bounden duty, to use it directly to his praise and glory, and generally in forwarding His kind and wise dispensations for the good of His creatures.

The faculty of invention, which is the application of reason to practical purposes, is peculiar to mankind. The lower races of animals have never made advances or improvements in their condition; what they severally were when first created that they severally are at the present hour; neither enlarged nor deteriorated in intellect; the instincts and the habits which were first impressed upon them, have continued unaltered and unalterable, from the beginning, and we have reason to believe that so they will continue to be, unto the end of time. But the condition of mankind is a progressive one; day after day, year after year, and age after age, man perceives that he gains new accessions of wisdom and experience; that he attains to new comforts and conveniences; that both his physical and his intellectual wants become more and more abundantly supplied; nay, that even the innumerable new wishes and desires which are perpetually in the course of development in the human heart are for the most part gratified, through the inventive faculty so benevolently implanted in our nature by our omniscient and bountiful God. It is mete and right therefore that the "first fruits" of those faculties should be offered, in humble adoration, to the Divine Benefactor, in token that at least we recognise the great dispensing Giver, and in acknowledging that "We are the people of His pasture and the sheep of His hand."

Among the faculties are the five senses, and among the senses is that of *Hearing*; to this last we have especial reference in our present purpose. Among the lower animals we do not find that the least *improvement* or *refinement* is effected in any of the senses; but the human race, under fitting circumstances elicit both. The exercise of the sense of hearing, as indeed of any other sense, is in the aggregate a pleasurable one, but, by cultivation, it becomes so refined, as to be the means of communicating, without the aid of articulate language, the deepest and most varied emotions to the mind. Of course I here allude to the effect produced by Music, which, as it is capable of elevating and sublimating the feelings, is also a proper vehicle for the expression of those feelings when addressing the Author of all that is harmonious in the universe of his creation. On this subject a Scottish clergyman (the Rev. M. McGavin, A.M.) has happily observed that "The sensibilities of man are seemingly formed in adaptation to Music, and Music is formed in adaptation to man. And, oh! what a transformation of character, what a large and lovely transformation of human circumstances, and of society generally, would the substitution of Music produce, when,—apart from the degrading influences of vice,—the power of harmony would be left to its native exercise; and the heart, softened by its heavenly tendencies, and taught to appreciate its highest elevations, would rise, in the consciousness of its own dignity, to the pure and lofty breathings of moral and intellectual enjoyment."

Music speaks all languages, and it is every where found. In the murmuring of the brooks, in the vexed waves of ocean; in the whispered breezes through the forest, and in the howlings of the tempest; in the songs of the feathered choir, in the roar of beasts, and in the commanding voice of their monarch, *Man*; in the chirping of the insect tribe, in the undulations of sound made up from the manifold labours through the busy day,—and even the deep stillness of midnight has its music for the mind. Listen to Beattie; he exclaims—

"But who the melodies of morn can tell!

The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;

The lowing herd; the sheep-folds' simple bell;

The song of early shepherd, dim descried

In the low valley; echoing far and wide

The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;

The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;

The hum of bees, and linnets' lay of love,

And the full choir that wakes the universal grove."

In fact, both the ear and the heart must have become sorely sophisticated, of him who can take his early morning walk, and continue unimpressed by the numerous sounds, apparently incongruous, but really in harmonious accord, which strike his ears on all sides. Poor must be his thoughts, and thankless his heart, if he be not thereby filled with grateful emotions, and ready to give them vent in words of praise!

It follows, therefore, that, as if by universal acceptance, devotional music should be considered an essential part of the worship of God; and that not only ought the capabilities of the human voice to be cultivated to their utmost extent, to give due honour to so sacred a service, but the finest efforts of *invention* with regard to musical instruments ought to be dedicated to so holy a purpose.

In the more strict acceptance of the term *Music*, it is evident that *vocal* melody is the most ancient; it is also probable that it was in a great measure if not wholly a monotonous chant. Whosoever expression proceeds from feeling of awe or veneration it banishes extensive compass of sound; this may be easily observed whether in speech or in music, as it is incompatible with so-

lemnity to make great variation in the tones, and the repeated clear utterance of the same or nearly the same tone has the effect of dispelling the lighter and more evanescent ideas, and of soberizing the mind to the occasion. Hence sacred melodies have at all times been limited in compass as compared with those of a secular nature, and the movements of the Songs of the Sanctuary have been slow and solemn, in accordance with reverence and awe, thus allowing devotional feelings to keep pace with their utterance.

But furthermore it may be predicated that all early melodies were in their character monotonous, and that the extension of compass exhibited in modern times is the result of cultivation. Some remarkable illustrations of this have been given in the war songs and other national pieces of the Indian tribes, specimens of which have been heard in the American cities; these are severally found to be of one or two notes each; shrill and more rapid in utterance, or grave and measured,—according to the predominant feeling which calls it forth, and the effect which these singers desire to produce on the hearers. Nay we even find that they are able to move themselves, to work their own feelings to a certain desired pitch, by the reiteration of those simple chaunts, with correspondent expressions. It may be said that the effects are produced by the words, and not by the music; but this would be incorrect. The Indian is exceedingly vain, and is apt to boast of his exploits at all times; but we do not find that his boastings have usually the effect of lashing him up to madness, until he takes up the song and is accompanied by the chant of his compatriots. It is the continued hum, or song, which gradually agitates him.

From the very nature of Music, it will be believed that the art was quickly made subservient to devotional purposes; because the gratification in so high degree to the senses of worshippers as that which is afforded thereby, would of course be applied by the grateful and the pious as the happiest and most acceptable mode of addressing the Supreme Being, besides that it would stimulate and keep up the glow of devotion in the worshipper. Doubtless prayers and praises were uttered in solemn chant; at first singly, afterwards in families, and ultimately in congregations of the people. We have no means, however, of ascertaining precisely the period when instrumental assistance was added to the voice in religious services, for, although we read that Jubal, before the flood, "was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ,"—by which the best authorities understand musical instruments in general, and wind-instruments in particular,—yet we do not find any account in the book of Genesis, of any such assistance being added. It is and has at all times been remarkable by the bye, how round, sonorous, and correct are the tones of the Hebrews, so long the select and chosen people of God, and we may without resorting much to imagination, form an idea of the effect produced by a congregation of such a people, when their voices were lifted up in warm adoration of "The God of Hosts."

It is believed that the Jews had no knowledge of musical principles before the period of the Egyptian bondage, and we first read of instrumentation in the rejoicing of the Israelites after the miraculous passage of the Red Sea, and the overwhelming of their merciless enemies. The following beautiful paraphrase of the Scripture account, and of the hymn of Miriam, sister of Moses and Aaron, and the women who accompanied therein,—from the pen of the learned and pious Bishop Heber, will convey a tolerable idea of the effects produced by a simultaneous song of praise:—

"Oh! welcome came the morn, when Israel stood
In trustless wonder by th' avenging flood!
Oh! welcome came the cheerful morn, to show
The drifted wreck of Zoan's pride below;
The mangled limbs of men,—the broken car,—
A few sad relics of a nation's war:
Alas, how few! Then, soft as Elm's well,
The precious tears of new-born freedom fell.
And he, whose harden'd heart alike had borne
The house of bondage, and th' oppressor's scorn,
The stubborn slave, by hope's new beams subdued,
In faltering accents sobb'd his gratitude—
Till, kindling into warmer zeal, around,
The virgin timbrel wak'd its silver sound;
And, in fierce joy, no more by doubt suppress'd,
The struggling spirit throbb'd in Miriam's breast.
She, with bare arms, and, fixing on the sky
The dark transparency of her lucid eye,
Pour'd, on the winds of heaven, her wild, sweet harmony.
'Where now' she sang 'the tall Egyptian spear?
On a sun-like shield, and Zoan's chariot, where?
Above their ranks the whelming water's spread.
Shout, Israel, for the Lord has triumphed!"

And every pause between, as Miriam sang,
From tribe to tribe, the martial thunder rang:
And loud, and far, their stormy chorus spread,—
'Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphed!"

Here then we first find the introduction of "timbrels and of dances," and the first hymn on record; and from this time we read continually of timbrels, trumpets, cornets, flutes, harps, psalteries, cymbals, sackbuts, organs, dulcimers, and other instruments; and we may remark as we proceed that one of the latest public addresses of Moses himself to the Israelites is called "a Song," it is a sublime effusion, and evidently an inspired one, and we consider it to have been sung or chanted in style somewhat resembling the modern recitative.

But the full tide of instrumental music for devotional purposes must be sought in the reign of David, "the man after God's own heart." That prince, even from his youth, had been warmly imbued with the love of music, and he became exceedingly skilled in the instrument which is translated "harp" in our own bibles. The benign influence of his skill upon the disordered spirit of

Saul is well known, and the Sacred songs or Psalms, some of which he composed, and others which he collected, together with several which have been added, form the most admirable epitome of the effusions of a devotional spirit, which the heart can conceive. These he not only sang himself with the accompaniment of his harp, but delivered them to be publicly sung, directing also in many cases the peculiar melodies to which they were severally adapted. Now in the time of this pious prince the singers and musicians who ministered at the altar were no fewer than about four thousand, including nearly three hundred who were esteemed masters or directors, or in other words versed in a superior manner in music. This large number was divided into twenty-four courses or successions, each under its chief musician, and each course having in turn to minister between one sabbath day and the next. Thus were there daily about 170 musicians engaged in the performance of the Psalms and other spiritual exercises. And what a heart-stirring effect must have been produced through the efforts of such a choir whose sole duty was to execute their sublime strains, lifting up also their own hearts whilst they moved those of the assembled people!

The earliest specimen then, on record, of devotional music is the Hymn, or song of praise and rejoicing; and indeed it is natural that it should be so. When the heart is glad and the soul is grateful, on the occasion of kindness, benefit, defence, or protection, even from our fellow creatures do we not find ourselves disposed to break forth musically in order to relieve the emotions which oppress us? How much more then when we are conscious of the benevolent dispensation or interposition of God himself, working wisely and effectually to our safety and welfare? Spontaneously the heart is lifted up through the voice; and instrumental tones are added, as if the mere voice were defective in giving full vent to the overcharged feelings. The hymn of praise is raised, a holy exultation fires the soul, and the air rings as the grateful flow of adoration and acknowledgement is poured forth to the "Giver of all good." Such was the hymn of Miriam and the congregation when they perceived the hand of the Lord in their own safety and in the destruction of their enemies. Such also,—though far inferior in point of holy reverence and enthusiastic feeling—were the hymns of the Greeks and other Polytheists. The Pæans to Apollo, and the devotional songs in honour of the Heathen deities generally, were hymns after their kind, and were sung with all the aid of instrumental accompaniment peculiar to their times.

Two prelates of the early Christian Church, namely, Ambrosius, Archbishop of Milan, and Hilarius, Bishop of Poitiers, have the credit of introducing the Hymn as an integral portion of the church service. They were nearly contemporaries, and flourished in the latter part of the fourth century. To the former of these is frequently ascribed the magnificent Hymn "Te Deum laudamus," of the Episcopal Liturgy, which is asserted to have been composed by him on the occasion of carrying his point against the Empress Justina, who had demanded that two of the churches in the city of Milan should be surrendered to the service of her favourite sect—the Arian heretics. It is more probable, however, that this grand composition is referable to a later period. Nevertheless, Ambrosius was evidently sensible of the great utility as well as propriety of church music, and he was the originator of the Chant which bears his name; he also introduced into the Western church the practice which had existed in the Eastern, from the earliest planting of the Gospel,—that of singing Psalms. Hilarius is more generally believed to have been the first composer of Hymns for the church service.

It must be observed that the strict meaning of the term Hymn, is a Song of Praise or of Adoration, and implies feelings of joy, or of elevation of soul. Up to our time, however, it has greatly varied from that strictness, and is quite as commonly applied to sacred feelings of complaint, lamentation, and mourning; this mutability of application in this instance being no greater than is observable in thousands of other instances in language. But Isidore, Bishop of Seville, so early as the year 630, or thereabouts, took exceptions to the corruption of the term, and he gave the name of Threna to songs of sorrow and complaint, in contradistinction to the Hymn, of which he desired to preserve the original meaning.

From being special in their application, hymns gradually took an abstract origination; the contemplative worshipper after dwelling on the goodness, wisdom, power, and mercy, of the Divine Being who made and directs all, warms and exalts his feelings in these reflections, and he either breaks out into a general song of praise, or one upon some divine attribute which has more particularly engaged his attention; or perhaps calls, in his rapture of admiration, upon all the created things around him, to assist his feeble powers in doing justice to so sublime a theme. Of this last, we have an eminently beautiful specimen in that canticle of the Protestant Episcopal Liturgy, which is found in the daily morning service, and which is really expressive in a much higher degree than has yet been attempted, even in the best choirs of the reformed church.

It may be well here to make a passing observation on this canticle, which we suspect is not generally valued according to its high deserts. From the constant repetition at the close of each verse, it becomes irksome to many minds before it is brought to its conclusion—particularly when it is only read; and the matter is not much amended by singing it according to the usual mode of the chant. In neither case is there opportunity for even a passing impression upon the mind from the part of creation invoked, to produce the effect of subliming the devotion during this offering of praise. Yet the canticle itself supposes the soul to be lifted up in sublime astonishment and love, as the several parts of creation and bounties of providence are subject to his call on them to assist in the song of praise. Now let us imagine the composition to be execu-

ted in somewhat like the following manner; one voice singing, or still better the officiating minister reciting the first section of each verse in solemn tones, and the chorus or response taking up the latter section in a flood of harmony at once loud and sweet. Thus, the minister exhorts "Oh, all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord," and the chorus replies in full harmony. "Praise him and magnify him—for ever." After a slight pause, the second verse may be said and sung in a similar manner; and so on to the end, with such variations in the musical effect as the nature of certain verses may require, to be rendered duly emphatical.

The Hymn now is a short religious poem, being neither a version of a psalm, nor a paraphrase of any canonical part of the Holy Scriptures.

Foreign Summary.

The Queen has conferred a pension of £200 a year on Mr. Alfred Tennyson, the poet; to whom, we fear, although he is related to those who are very wealthy, the modest income will be only too welcome.

The obituary announces the death of the benevolent and wealthy Mrs. Fry; who died on Tuesday, after a long illness.

M. Thiers, accompanied by Mr. Henry Corry, Secretary to the Admiralty, and a party of friends, has visited Woolwich, the Mint, and other great public establishments.

A Frenchman is said to have invented a machine capable of doing every description of sewing except the sewing of button-holes.

The average number of British shipwrecks in a year is 600; the value of the property destroyed about two and-a-half millions sterling; and the number of lives lost about 1,560.

The evidence adduced before a Committee of the House of Lords last session, tend to show that the relaxation of the usury laws, with regard to bills of exchange, has tended most materially to encourage rash speculation, and in crease the number and amount of bankruptcies.

The Bank of England gave notice on the 17th ult., that the minimum rate of interest on London bills would be raised from 2½ to 3 per cent. The consol market was slightly agitated by this announcement. The large discount houses have notified their customers they will allow 2½ per cent. for money returnable on call.

Two curious documents have just been published. They are letters of the celebrated Talleyrand to the Pope and the Archbishop of Paris, written shortly before his death, in which he bewails his secession from, and hostility to the church, as well as his connexion with the French Revolution and the government that resulted therefrom. These epistles, in fact, are a recantation of all the doing of his life, and the manifestation of a sincere desire to be reconciled with Holy Church.

Another eruption of Mount Hecla, in Iceland, the first during 80 years, has burst forth and threatens to ravage the island. A Danish paper says:

In the night of the 1st of September a frightful subterranean groaning filled the inhabitants around it with terror. This continued till mid day on the 2d, when the mountain burst in two places with a terrible crash, and vomited masses of fire. In former times these explosions came from the summit, where Hecla has no regularly formed crater; but this time torrents of lava flowed down two gorges on the flanks of the mountain. For the clouds of smoke, and vapor the top of the volcano could not be seen. The sheep on the heaths were driven down to the plains, but not till several of them were burnt. The waters of the neighboring rivers near the eruption became so hot that the fish were killed, and it was impossible for any one to ford them even on horseback.

NAVAL PREPARATIONS.—The accounts from all the naval arsenals of the kingdom agree in stating that unusual activity prevails at present in the fitting out of vessels of war of every description; and we have heard within the last few days that a peremptory note has been sent round by the Lords of the Admiralty to the different manufacturers of steamboat machinery, who are working for the government, informing them that the machines which they have in hand for Government must be ready at the precise time fixed, and that, if they are not, the full penalties for the breach of contract will be enforced against them. This activity in preparing the means for defensive warfare is accompanied with equal activity in fortifying the naval stations of the empire, so as to render them safe against any sudden attack. Coupling all these circumstances with the sudden movements of the squadrons in the Pacific Ocean and the Indian Seas, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the Government considers war a possible event, and that it is placing itself in a position to meet any difficulties, that may arise on either side of the Atlantic.—*Liverpool Times*.

The *Morning Post* reports the names of members of the University of Oxford who have been received into the Roman Catholic Church in the course of the last few days. They are—

"The Reverend J. H. Newman, B.D., Fellow of Oriel College; the Reverend—Stanton, M.A., of Brasenose College; the Reverend—Bowles, M.A., of Exeter College; the Reverend—Ambrose St. John, Student of Christ Church; J. D. Dalgairns, Esq., M.A., of Exeter College; and Albany Christie, Esq., M.A., Fellow of Oriel College." [In a subsequent number, the *Post* adds the name of Mr. Leicester S. F. Buckingham.]

"It is stated confidently that other clergymen, also members of the University of Oxford, are preparing to take a similar step.

"We understand that the reception of Mr. Newman into the Roman Catholic Church took place at Littlemore."

The death of Admiral Sir Charles Rowley leaves vacant a grand cross of the Bath and the good service pension of 300l. a year. Sir Charles, the son of an Admiral, entered the service very early in life; having been made a lieutenant in 1789. He married Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Admiral Sir Richard King. He was created a Baronet in 1837; and in 1843 succeeded Sir Edward Codrington in the naval command of Portsmouth; a post which ill health obliged him to resign a few days before his death. He is succeeded in the Baronetcy by his eldest son, Lieutenant-Colonel R. C. Rowley, late of the Grenadier Guards.

According to the *Inverness Courier*, Sir David Brewster has discovered among some papers belonging to his father-in-law, Ossian Macpherson, proofs that *Junius* was one Lachlan Maclean, the son of an Irish Presbyterian clergyman, but descended from the ancient Scottish family of the M'Leans of Coll. "He was bred to the study of medicine, but became a political writer and ad-

venturer in London, and rose to some eminence. He was once an Under-Secretary of State; in which capacity he might have become acquainted with state secrets. Having been sent out to India by Government in 1776, he was shipwrecked and drowned on the passage; a circumstance that may account for the non-revelment of the secret as to the authorship of *Junius*. His papers were all lost at the same time."

An ordinary earthen-ware dish, purchased at the Cambrian pottery in Swansea about sixteen months ago, by Williams, a tailor, residing in Goat street, has excited a considerable portion of curiosity in the minds of some of our townspeople during the past week. It appears that a short time since a great number of small crystalized substances, having the appearance of flower, or miniature mushrooms, were observed to grow out of the dish, breaking through the hard glazed surface. One or two of these grew to the extent of an inch, but were accidentally broken. Others are now budding forth, covering nearly the whole surface of the dish. The taste is very similar to that of common salt. The oldest and most experienced individuals engaged in the manufacture of earthen-ware in this town do not remember witnessing such appearances on any previous occasion. The general impression in the upper region of our town is that it is a "bewitched dish"; but we opine that chemists, upon analysis, would be able to account for these curious appearances by the accidental presence of some chemical ingredient not usually found in the materials from which such articles are manufactured. *Cambrian*.

The *Basle Gazette* describes the slipping of a mountain in the Grisons, on the 7th instant. It occurred at Bushlaws, and carried away an entire forest of young trees. On the 14th happened another accident of the same nature; immense masses of rock were rolled into the valley; the inhabitants of which fled in the greatest consternation. The damage done is estimated at 400,000 (16 000l.).

The railway companies are not altogether idle in attempting to find out means of preventing accidents: the following account furnishes a hopeful instance of such laudable activity—

Some experiments were tried last week on the Brighton Railway to test a patent self-acting safety-break, invented by Mr. Thornton. General Pasley and other gentlemen connected with railways were present. The apparatus on trial was found to answer admirably. Mr. Thornton's plan is to have a rope attached to the tender and the first carriage; the rope being from twenty to thirty yards long, or, if required, much longer, as it may be coiled on a roller beneath the carriage. The engine in this way would tow the train along; and the engine may be either on the same line or on another, or the same engine may tow two trains, one on each line. When the engine meets with any disaster, the guard on the first carriage can instantly cast the rope loose; and no sooner is the pressure taken off the catch by which the rope is attached to the carriage, than the breaks immediately press upon the wheels, and in a little space the train would stop, and without any violent shock. The experiment the other day was made with only one carriage.

The *Madrid Gazette* mentions the arrival of Mr. Brunel at Madrid, with a party of English engineers, to carry on the works of the North of Spain Railway.

Last night's *Gazette* announces that the Queen has recommended the Dean and Chapter of Wells Cathedral to elect to the vacant see of Bath and Wells the Right Reverend Richard Bagot, D. D., Bishop of Oxford. It is now said that the Dean of Westminster will be bishop of Oxford.

The *Times* quotes the following report of progress in the "new city" of Birkenhead, as written by "a noble diplomatist": we do not know whom that means, but we observe that the Earl of Lincoln visited the place last week—

"I have made a very agreeable trip to Birkenhead; which is a place, rising, as if by enchantment, out of the desert, and, bidding fair to rival, if not eclipse, the glories of Liverpool. Seven years ago, there were not three houses on that side of the Mersey; there are now about twenty thousand inhabitants; and on the spot where within that time Sir W. Stanley's hounds killed a fox in the open field, now stands a square larger than Belgrave Square, every house of which is occupied. At Liverpool, there are now ten acres of docks, the charges for which are enormous: at Birkenhead, there will be forty seven acres, with rates, two thirds lower, which will gradually diminish until (supposing trade to continue prosperous) they will almost disappear, and the docks become the property of the public at the end of thirty years. It would have been worth the trouble of the journey to make acquaintance with the projector and soul of this gigantic enterprise, a certain Mr. Jackson. With his desire to create a great commercial emporium proceeds *pari passu* that of improving and elevating the condition of the labouring classes, there; and before his docks are even excavated, he is building houses for three hundred families of workpeople, each of which is to have three rooms and necessary conveniences, to be free of all taxes, and plentifully supplied with water and gas, for 2s. 6d. a week for each family. These houses adjoin the warehouses and docks, where the people are to be employed; and thence to run a railroad to the sea, and every man liking to bathe will be conveyed there for a penny. There are to be wash houses, where a woman will be able to wash the linen of her family for twopenny; and one hundred and eighty acres have been devoted to a park, which Paxton had laid out; and nothing at Chatsworth can be more beautiful. At least twenty thousand people were congregated there last Sunday, all decently dressed, orderly, and enjoying themselves. Chapels, and churches, and schools, for every sect and denomination, abound. Jackson says he is sure he shall create as vigorous a public opinion against the public houses as is to be found in the highest classes. There are now three thousand workmen on the docks and buildings, and he is about to take on about two thousand more. Turn which way you will, you see only the most judicious application of capital, skill, and experience—everything good adopted, everything bad eschewed from all other places; and as there is no other country in the world, I am sure that could exhibit such a sight as this nascent establishment, where the best interests of commerce and philanthropy are so felicitously interwoven, really felt an additional pride at being an Englishman."

The Lord-Lieutenant has appointed Archbishop Crolly, Roman Catholic Primate of Ireland, to be a Governor and Director of the Armagh District Lunatic Asylum. The *Dublin Evening Mail* thanks Lord Heytesbury for this practical and appropriate refutation of a recent libellous allusion to Dr. Crolly's state of health.

A monster meeting at Castlebar, on Sunday, was spoiled by torrents of rain. The Repeal accounts, indeed, represent the number who escorted Mr. O'Connell in procession and attended the meeting as amounting to 80,000; but other accounts represent them as infinitely less, and consisting of a more ragged crowd than usual. The meeting was followed by a dinner in a pavilion; but

even under cover the dinners were invaded by the bad weather. Mr. O'Connell's chief speech, that of Dr. M'Hale, who was among the guests, and others were of the old stamp. Mr. O'Connell declared that his object was to preserve the connexion with the British Crown; and after that, to emancipate the Crown from thralldom under an oligarchy of which "King Peel" is the instrument.

The proceedings of the Repeal Association on Monday, in the absence of O'Connell, were destitute of interest. The rent for the week was £218.

Ireland is threatened with famine; not merely that periodical dearth between the potato-crops every year which puts a third part of the people into a state of destitution, but a failure of the potato-crop itself. The cause is the strange disease which has prevailed, this season, both in Europe and America. At first it was thought that Ireland, by a providential singularity, had escaped; but the sole source of that hope seems to have been the general ignorance in the country as to the nature of the disease. A gentleman, who was told by the people that the roots were all right, found that, on the contrary, they were extensively infected. Suspicions having got abroad, inquiries have been instituted far and near; and the result of the examination is very alarming. Mr. Dillon Croker, who appears to have made a tour of inspection under some official authority, reports that in Tipperary and Cork the disease has made fearful ravages. In Wexford, "the failure in the crops has been awful." "God alone can tell how all this will end." In Ulster, the state of the crops is reported, by the *Northern Whig*, to be "very bad;" the disease is spreading; and in some districts it has destroyed one-fourth or even one-third of the crop. Every day brings to light the ravages of the disease in some district which had been supposed to be exempt. The consequences of such a failure of the staple food in Ireland are terrible to contemplate.

Mr. Newman and some of his immediate adherents have abandoned the Church of England for that of Rome. The step, no doubt, constitutes an important event, in religious politics. It substantiates all that has been said as to the Romanizing tendency of the Tractarian doctrines. On the other hand, it attests the sincerity and disinterestedness of those who abandon a determined station to begin life anew. And it gives a substantive existence to that strange schism which has for so many years been growing up. Whatever the present numerical strength of the Tractarians, they have constituted a formidable portion of the Oxford Convocation. Mr. Newman has been accounted the leading spirit of the party, although the name popularly given to them was borrowed from that of Dr. Pusey. Whatever their proportion to the entire mass, they have formed a remarkable section of the English Church; and that remarkable section has now, on its own part, set aside the Reformation of the sixteenth century, and reverted to the jurisdiction of the Holy See.—*Spectator*.

A special Court of proprietors of the New Zealand Company was held on Thursday, to consider the present state of the Company's affairs. The chair was occupied by Mr. Aglionby, M. P.; and the attendance was numerous and influential. The report of the Directors referred to the negotiations between the Government and the representatives of the company at the close of the Parliamentary session, and stated the completion of the arrangements which were fully described at the time. It was also stated that Lord Stanley had undertaken to apply to Parliament, next session, for a loan of £100,000, to the Company, for seven years; to be secured by mortgage on the Company's lands, and to bear 3 per cent interest. On the strength of this assurance, Messrs. Payne and Smiths have advanced to the Directors a large portion of the loan; and such a sum has been sent out to the Principal Agent as will fully restore the credit of the Company. Colonel Wakefield is instructed to clear off liabilities, pay salaries, forward surveys at Otago (New Edinburgh) and Nelson, complete divers transactions with the Natives, and prosecute the road from Wellington to Wairarapa. *Inter alia*, the report contained a tribute of respect to Mr. Somes the late Governor. Resolutions affirming the report passed unanimously. Sir Henry Webb moved a resolution thanking Mr. Charles Buller and other Members on both sides of the House of Commons for advocating the interests of New Zealand and of the Colonies generally and Government for the loan of £100,000, and the confidence in the Company thereby implied. Mr. George Robins objected to that portion of the resolution which thanked the Government for the loan of £100,000. Their late Governor, Mr. Somes, would have thought nothing of lending the sum itself; and even now three or four of those present, and he would gladly be one, could easily subscribe that amount. He thought it too bad to thank the Government after the treatment the Company had received at its hands. Sir Henry Webb explained, that the thanks were given more for the token of confidence than for the money; and the resolution passed. Having thanked the Chairman, the Court broke up.

ALGIER.—More disasters to the French troops are reported. The army of Colonel Cavaignac had sustained a fresh defeat; which is thus narrated by the *Sémaphore de Marseille*—

"The garrison of the small camp had begged of General Cavaignac some reinforcement; which their numerical weakness, in a country in open revolt and traversed by Abd-el-Kader's hordes, rendered extremely urgent. In order not to reduce his squadrons, General Cavaignac chose out of the hospital two hundred men who were deemed sufficiently recovered to return to active duty. Care was had to take the ablest of these men—in fact, only such as were perfectly convalescent. A detachment of Zouaves was added to them. This small column set out, but was soon surrounded by hosts of Arabs. It was impossible for them to defend themselves. The two hundred men accordingly were forced—a thing which had never hitherto occurred in Africa—to lay down their arms, and yield themselves up prisoners to Abd-el-Kader."

A despatch written by Colonel Gery at Ormanza recounts the furious attacks which he has had to stand in marching with three hundred infantry, two hundred and fifty cavalry, and two howitzers, from Mascara to the bivouac whence he wrote. At one place, the Arabs, or Kabyles, are stated to have left ninety dead bodies round the French camp; Colonel Gery had to struggle with the Arabs man to man; and at another place, neither party having any more powder, the struggle ended in throwing stones. In a "razzia" by the French, however, a number of sheep and oxen, together with the women and children of the "douar," were captured.

General Bourjolly had been victorious in an encounter with the tribes under Bou-Maza; the French killing one hundred and fifty men, and capturing one hundred horses.

On the 24th September, Abd-el-Kader passed through the small town of Nedroma, four leagues South east of the port of Ghazaouat; moving towards Algiers. His force is reckoned, with apparent exaggeration, at 10,000 men, including 4,000 cavalry.

Marshal Bugeaud arrived at Marseilles on the 11th inst., and embarked for

Algiers on the evening of the 13th, in the Panama steam-frigate. It was expected that he would reach the African coast on the 15th.

The *Epogue* asserts that the resolution taken by the French Government to pursue Abd-el Kader into Morocco has received the full assent of the British Cabinet; and that not only will there be no objection to the attack about to be made by France, but that the English Cabinet will address to the Emperor of Morocco earnest recommendations to make decided and vigorous efforts against Abd-el-Kader.

The *Journal des Débats* copies the following extraordinary letter by Marshal Bugeaud, addressed to the Prefect of Perigueux.

"Excideuil, 6th October.

"Mon cher Prefet—Chef d'Escadron Rivet has brought most disastrous news from Algiers. The army and the people are loudly crying out for my return. I have too much right to complain of having been abandoned by the Government to my enemies in the press and elsewhere, not to have been completely determined not to return to Algiers without the commission I have demanded, and assurances that some of my fundamental ideas should be complied with; but late events are too grave for me to make any terms for my return to the field of danger. I have, therefore, decided upon taking my departure the day after to-morrow. I will devote to you half an hour to give you the bulk of the news. One word, however, in the mean time. Abd-el-Kader has entered the West of the province of Oran. The garrison of Djema has been almost totally destroyed. We have lost there a Lieutenant Colonel, a Chef d'Escadron, a Chef de Bataillon, all the officers of the column, and about four hundred soldiers. General Cavaignac, informed of the approach of Abd-el-Kader, and the revolt of the tribes on the left bank of the Tafna, went out and fought two great battles, of the results of which we are ignorant. All we know for certain is, that he has returned to Tlemcen. This great success of Abd-el-Kader must have set the whole of the province into a ferment. On our side great faults have been committed; symptoms of revolt have been shown at other points; and General Bourjolly was little in condition to reduce the insurrection on the Mina. It must have gained some ground; and there is much reason to fear that a great war is about to be recommenced. Alas! events but too well justify the opposition I made to the unnecessary extension of the civil administration and the reduction of the army, in order to cover the expenses of this extension. My heart is torn with grief at such misfortunes, and so much blindness in the governors, and in the press, which rules us much more than we are willing to confess.

MARSHAL DUC D'ISLY."

Many other stories of the Marshal's extraordinary demeanour are current. The correspondent of the *Times* strings together a few—

"The Marshal arrived in France in the sullen mood of a spoilt schoolboy. He found that Ministers were indisposed to indulge his whims and caprices in respect of Algeria, or bestow upon him the Ministry of War, from which Marshal Soult might be expected almost immediately to retire. His position was consequently embarrassing, when (for him a species of godsend) came this unexpected reverse of the French arms in Algeria. Seizing upon it with avidity, he, as you will have seen by his letter, started at once for Marseilles, unadvised, without orders, and utterly unprepared to resume, 'upon public grounds and to save the colony,' a government that it was not certain would ever again be committed to him. This was not all, however. Not content with this unauthorized, this audacious proceeding, he chose to publish, in the shape of a letter to M. Mareillac, Prefect of the Dordogne, the letter I have referred to. The effect of this extraordinary publication upon Ministers was that which you may suppose. They were rendered furious, and none of them more so than M. Guizot. It is to be supposed that the telegraph would be instantly set to work to communicate with him upon it at Marseilles ere he could embark; but his contempt of a previous telegraphic summons to Paris rendered a more formal and official course imperative. 'It is not by coming to Paris,' said he, in reply to that summons, 'that I can conquer Abd-el-Kader; I can, and will only do it in Algeria.' This experience of the Marshal's contumely showed Ministers the inutility of an informal order or command. Yesterday morning, therefore, M. Guizot despatched a courier to Marseilles to order Marshal Bugeaud not to embark for Algeria without recalling or recanting the whole of the letter in question."

Marshal Bugeaud has published another letter saying that the publication of his letter to the Prefect was a breach of confidence, and that "the sense of the reflections" had been altered. The *Constitutionnel* says that the Prefect is to be superseded.

SPAIN—The *Emancipation* of Toulouse asserts that Queen Isabella the Second has been secretly married to the Count de Montemolin, eldest son of Don Carlos; Munoz being the Count's proxy in the ceremony. The same report is given by the Madrid correspondent of the *Morning Post*; who adds, that the marriage is not to be solemnized until the Queen completes her sixteenth year.

WAR OFFICE, Oct. 17.—6th Drag Guards—Lieut A S Churchill, from 8th Light Drags., to be Lieut, vice Bourchier, who exch. 8th Light Drags—Lieut C J Bourchier, from 6th Light Drag Guards, to be Lieut, vice Lord A S Churchill, who exch. 17th Ft—Ens A Baxter to be Lieut without pur v. M'Pherson, dec; G Lamet, Gent, to be Ens v Baxter. 44th Ft—Lieut R C Noake to be Ajut. v Phillips who reas. the Adjutancy only. 50th Ft—Lieut J L Wilton from 31st ft. to be Capt without pur, v Stapleton, dec; Ens R M Barnes, to be Lt without pur, v Mullen appointed Ajut; R C Clifford Gent., to be Ens, v Barnes. Lt E C Mullen to be Ajut, v Crowe, dec. 62nd Ft—Lt H Wells to be Capt without pur, v Hutchins, dec; Ens W L Ingal to be Lt without pur, v Wells; H W Sibley, Gent, to be Ens, v Ingal. 73rd Ft—H Somers, M.D., to be Assist-Surg. 80th Ft—Ens H G J Bowler to be Lt without pur v Finney, dec; H. L. Grove, Gent to be Ens v Bowler. 84th Ft—To be Maj without pur—Capt D Russell, v Clarke, dec; Capt M B G Reed, v Russell, whose prom has been cane. To be Capt without pur—Lt T Davison, v Russell; Lieut G F Harrison, v Reed. To be Lieut without pur—Ens R C C Kollerton, v Davison. To be Lieut by pur—Ens G S V Arbuckle, v Rolleston, whose prom by pur has been cane.

3rd W I Regt—Ens G A Anquetil, to be Lieut without pur v M'Teggart, dec; Quarterm E Conron to be Ens v Anquetil; Surgt Maj T Fitzgerald to be Quarterm. v Conron, app Ens.

Ceylon Rifle Regt—Lt E J Allworthy, to be Capt., by pur v Warburton, who rets; Lt T Leonard, from half-pay Meuron's Regt to be Lt, v J J Dwyer, prom; Second Lt L A Forbes to be First Lt by pur, v Leonard, who rets; Second Lt W Pownall to be First Lt., by pur, v Holdsworth; C E Kingsmill, Gent., to be Second Lt., by pur, v Forbes; G S Twynam, Gent., to be Second Lt., by pur, v Pownall.

Memorandum.—The commission of Ensign Strange Butson Hartigan, in the 3rd West India Regt., to be ante-dated March 1, 1845, instead of July 30, 1844.

Exchangeable New York on London, at 60 days, 9s 9 1/2 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1845.

The Mail Packet, *Caledonia*, brings our English files to the 19th inst., the news is not of the most satisfactory description for it is chiefly confirmatory of the bad harvests and the falling tendency of Cotton.

Railway speculation by no means abates although it is the confession of every body that the greater portion of the projects are untenable and that swindlers and impostors abound in the market. A crash is not far off.

Appearances are somewhat of a hostile nature if we may judge from the unusual stir in the English Dock yards, where contractors are urged to despatch under the threat of penalties to be inflicted on defaulters. Surely it cannot be caused by the ridiculous bravadoes of the Duc de Joinville, nor the report of the proposed fortification of the French coast; neither is there in the political aspect of Europe anything which betokens belligerent measures among the principal powers. The *Quidnuncs* take it into their heads that the activity threatens Oregon, but, however Great Britain may put herself in condition to be prepared for war, we feel well assured that she would be most unwilling to strike the first blow in such a quarrel, nor can we prevail upon ourselves to believe that a hostile blow will be struck by either party upon such a dispute. But England and America suffer more by impertinent intermeddlers who know nothing of the intricacies of the questions agitated in the cabinets of the two nations, than by the diplomacy of the courts or even the opinions of the chief magistrates. The perpetual buzzing and stinging of noxious political insects inflames the body politic, and communities are not unfrequently hurried into action which their better judgment condemns too late.

There cannot be a doubt that the Oregon question can be fully settled without a resort to arms, and those are no friends to either country who are so eager to cry "Havock." We hardly think that the President of the United States will be so pertinacious as his Inaugural speech seemed to indicate, and indeed we understand that he considers the notion gathered from that speech to be carried farther than he intended. Several proposals are in circulation for effectually settling the question, and we confidently believe that a peaceable, an amicable, and a satisfactory compromise—for a compromise it will have to be—will be effected.

But there are prospects of war of another nature pending, and although the news is neither confirmed nor much spread, we confess to our belief in the probability. It is that of war in the British cabinet arising from distinct and opposite views of the Irish question. It is true, and strange as true, that the intelligence is not from the London journals, but from the Dublin Evening Post. a paper of very respectable standing in the world of politics, and not likely to contain a wilful hoax on so important a subject. We therein learn that the Duke and Sir Robert are completely at issue as to the mode of putting an end to the distraction which the curse of Repeal agitation have brought upon the land; that the old soldier is for putting an end to them by the strong hand, and that Sir Robert is for milder measures; and that the differences have proceeded so far between them that both have tendered their resignation to the Queen, who has not accepted either. We repeat that, without trusting to this report, there is nothing in it which surprises us, and we only fear that upon the agitation of such a question whether in the Cabinet or in the Parliament, Sir Robert will yield to the Duke. Ireland has for too many centuries known little besides the strong hand in governing her, and no wonder that the whip has at length established a raw. The vagaries of an agitator, or of a deluded credulous people must be put a stop to, but her real complaints, and they were not a few, require a just degree of attention and redress. Probably the Duke imagines that concession has gone far enough, but his is a military feeling and he would exercise a military discipline; probably also he has expected the submission of his political colleagues as he used to look for it 16 or 17 years ago, but Sir Robert Peel has grown older, firmer, and is in a better political position than he was then; and besides all this the sympathies of the country at large, gentle and simple will in this instance be rather with the Premier than the Soldier.

The great question of "Shall Cromwell have a Statue" has at length been settled—we do not say satisfactorily, but—finally, and the bluff republican is ejected from the company of princes. He may reply like *Coriolanus*, when the infuriate mob sentenced him to banishment—"I banish you." However, to make amends, the statue of the Prince Consort is to have a niche; we doubt whether public opinion will think it a fair exchange.

LIFE ASSURANCE.—It is gratifying to learn that the principle of Life Assurance is becoming daily better understood, and that proofs of that enlarged understanding, are of daily increasing occurrence, from the circumstance that many are now insuring, for the benefit of those dear ones who may survive them. We are glad also to perceive that the daily Press takes up the important theme, and urges it to the consideration of those for whose benefit it is most immediately calculated. But for whom, in this country, is it not calculated, except for the actual pauper, or for the labourer whose pittance will barely serve to procure him the mere necessities of life? Let it be recollected that in the United States there is no law of Primogeniture, and that the acquisitions of the man who has been successful in life, have to be subdivided at his decease; even such a man therefore, if he have a numerous progeny, may find it better to spare a few hundred dollars to Life Assurance, than to hoard it from his income, as thereby he may sufficiently secure competency to them all. With

respect to any other class of persons, there is no need of argument to prove the advantage to them. The merchant who is prospering, may be aware that before he can have acquired a competency for his family, he may be cut off in his career, and they may fall back into poverty, with distress increased by the defeat of hopes which had been previously formed. Members of the learned professions seldom get into good incomes before they have reached middle age, and are verging upon "the downhill of life," yet before they reach that period, they may have been able to spare such a modicum of their earnings as would suffice to insure a comfortable sum. The Clergy find it hard, out of their salaries to support themselves and their families, in the respectable manner which befits their calling, and to save a little for their widows and children, but a very small sum annually paid to the Life Assurance will set their minds comparatively at ease on that important point. But how much more urgent is it for the Clerk, the Salesman, the Mechanic, all indeed, who have little beyond the means of limited conveniences, to lay out that little in a manner at once safe and productive?

We read in the *Courier and Enquirer* the appropriate illustration of these facts, as applied to the National Loan Fund Life Assurance Association, a London Company, of which an agency exists in this city, under the management of the obliging Leander Starr, Esq. It was the case of a Boston gentleman, who being struck with the advantages of the system immediately insured to the amount of ten thousand dollars; he did not survive the completion of this insurance more than a few weeks, and thus by the sacrifice of a few hundred dollars, his family received ten thousand promptly from the office. One fact like this is worth a hundred precepts, but Mr. Starr can furnish any enquirer with hundreds of a similar nature, and all of undoubted authenticity.

MR. F. WEBSTER'S LECTURES ON CHINA.

As we intimated last week, we shall now attempt to give a summary of the information communicated by Mr. Fletcher Webster, in the course of two interesting lectures given by that gentleman at the Tabernacle, in accordance with the request of many enlightened and influential citizens of New York. Without farther reference to Mr. F. W. we shall state once for all that whatsoever is found in this article is entirely drawn from those lectures, except there should be a casual remark of our own, which we shall place in Brackets.

The Chinese Empire and its dependencies cover nearly one tenth part of the surface of the earth, and all things considered is the largest dominion in the world. The assertion often made, and not seldom disputed, that the Empire of China contains upwards of three hundred millions of human beings is well worthy of belief, for, comparing her population with that of France, and that of her Tartar dependencies with that of Asiatic Russia, and taking out of consideration that during the last two centuries she has not been in any wars of a peculiarly depopulating character, the results in proportion to territorial area must be to that amount. [The fact is that, when China was much less known than she has become of late, her population was wildly rated at an equality with all the rest of the habitable world; and, as mankind approached more nearly to the truth of the matter, the clearing up of the mists of error led to an over-skepticism on the subject, and they began to underrate as erroneously as they had overrated.]

The antiquity of China is by all writers considered the most remote of any nation of the human family, and its chronology, so far from throwing any lights upon the subject, is calculated to involve the question in still deeper mystery. Accounts which go millions of years before the earliest chronology of Holy Writ, cannot be grasped by the hand of the historian, nor can the reduction of nominal years to lunar revolutions at all help to solve the difficulty. It must be left to the conjecture of the more enlightened, or passed by as needless to the elucidation of any hypothesis, but it seems evident that the Chinese were a civilized people, and acquainted with many acts as early as 1200 years after the Mosaic chronology of the Creation. [This remark is calculated to meet some objection in the minds of those who are literal believers of the truths of the Scriptures. According to the Mosaic account there were 1656 years between the creation of man and the Universal Deluge; some have contended for a longer lapse of time, but none for a shorter. Now, if we are to believe in the universality of the destruction of mankind, the immediate family of the Patriarch Noah excepted, what becomes of the settlement of China nearly five hundred years before that time, and its history continued from thence up to the present? And that Moses intended his account to be literally understood appears from the following expression concerning the Post-diluvian race "and the whole earth was of one language and of one speech,"—and "The people is one, and they have all one language."]

The Social government of the Chinese is decidedly that which was in force in the most primitive times recorded in the Old Testament. The father of a family is ruler over his children, the grandsire over his children and theirs; from thence the patriarch or chief of a tribe has dominion over all that belong to it, and the monarch is considered as the ruler and father of all the people. The greatest of the social virtues consists in filial obedience and respect, and hence, except among the bad, of whom many are to be found in every system of regulations in the world, government is the more easily and completely exercised. In China filial affection and obedience exist in the highest degree; children never dream of such a monstrosity as rebellion against the paternal will and injunctions, and would lay down their lives either for their parents or in support of their authority. [How wide a difference is here, and how much more to be extolled than that, of which we are warned in the sacred writings, where Rehoboam contemns the wisdom of the aged and experienced, and follows, the advice of the "young men." With all our regard for the aspiring spirits of young men, and with all our wish to see such spirits developed,

we confess to the regrets we feel upon reading of the dictation of this or that "young men's" association, of the deference which, for merely political purposes, is paid to "young men's" notions, against the experience of their elders, and of experience postponed for notions of mere presumption.]

The language of China, whether spoken or written, is the most singular of any in the world. It is not copious, but there are many meanings to the same expression, the difference consisting in the manner or in the tone of utterance; hence it is matter of much labor and time for even a native born Chinese to master his mother tongue though under the happiest circumstances. Again, the characters of the Chinese written language are so numerous, founded upon such intricate modifications, and a hieroglyphic in their radix, that it is not unfrequently the labor of a life to accomplish an accurate knowledge of them. They are at least eighty thousand in number. From these two considerations it is not difficult for Europeans to understand why the Chinese are in so many things mediocre although they possess active imagination, great love of learning, much mental industry, and great encouragement from the State itself to attain excellence; they are trammelled both by the peculiarity of their language and by the perplexities of managing its intricate exponent. Men of learning, according to the Chinese notion of the term, are almost the only persons who attain so high promotion, and this principle is undeniably a good one: but one of the most important branches of learning with them is an intimate acquaintance with their system of ceremonies, forms and ceremonies constituting a very large portion of social intercourse in China. The arts and the sciences known in China are very numerous, but in none are the professors deeply conversant; they invent and they discover, but they seldom go far beyond the rudiments of either; they are believed to have known many of the arts which are considered among us as the most useful, long before they came into use in the Western or in the New World, yet their labours are in a great measure frittered away in ingenious trifles. The fact is they have so long been a totally exclusive nation that they have been without the powerful stimulus of foreign competition; they have gone on in a steady mediocrity, with an almost fixed notion of the *ne plus ultra* in advancement, they have become conceited in the extreme, from the absence of all opportunity of self comparison, and it may well be imagined that this inroad upon their nation is the commencement of an era both in the history of mankind in general and of the Chinese in particular.

The recent treaties have opened five ports of China to the "outward Barbarians," and it will be vain henceforth to endeavour to keep the strangers from the interior. Knowledge will become disseminated and prejudices will be gradually dispersed. Hitherto Christian temples of worship have not been permitted in China, although there is a practical general tolerance of the oriental systems, but of late the permission has been granted—that is, insisted on—and the followers of Con-fu-tse (why should the name be latinised into Confucius?) and of Budh, will have to subsist, while they can subsist, together with the believers in The Living God. The Religion of Con-fu-tse however, is rather a code of morality than of theology, whilst Buddhism has a complex and ridiculous system of Dogmata. The latter, in many respects assimilates to the Romish Church of Christianity, and the Emperor himself is of that religion, as well as of the former, though Buddhism is more the religion of the lower orders than of the higher.

The police system of making a whole family answerable for the crime of one of its members, and a whole district answerable for a crime of some one or more, unknown, but belonging to that district, is considered to be arbitrary and unjust; but "it works well," justice is thus more summary, and the discovery of the offender or offenders, is all but certain. [This, however, is not so strange and anomalous as at first sight it appears; there is much of a similar kind of policy to be found in the Leviticus of Moses, and still more in the institutions of the Anglo Saxons. In fact, all these and many other peculiarities related of the modern Chinese, do but go to prove that they are directly descended from the earliest wanderers from the central abodes, subsequent to the deluge, who having pursued their way to the eastern extreme of the habitable world, and there sat down, have retained through their exclusiveness many of the primitive customs with hardly a change of aspect.]

The exclusiveness which is so frequently mentioned, is exhibited in almost every species of intercourse with strangers, to which they have lately been obliged to submit. The American Minister was desirous of making himself acquainted with the dialect of the Manchou Tartars, a tongue much in use in particular situations and circumstances, and accordingly a teacher was engaged; but the latter was so deeply, and so fearfully impressed with a sense of wrong in teaching the language to a barbarian stranger, that he trembled with terror at the moral wrong, and the dread of punishment from the native authorities; he therefore intreated to be released from his engagement. The Minister consented, and with some difficulty two others were procured, of easier principles in that respect, and who continued their services as long as these were deemed necessary.

[Mr. F. Webster's discourses have grown upon our hands beyond our expectations. It is true there is but little that is absolutely new in them, but they may form an admirable nucleus for more extensive information. Other subjects compel us to break off for the present, but we shall complete our summary next week.—ED. ANG. AM.]

SHARON COAL.—The following, which we copy from the *Albany Journal*, does no more than justice to the coal spoken of, but our contemporary is in error when he calls it Cannel coal, though it approaches very near to that quality of fuel: he is also in error in saying it comes from Ohio—it is from the mines of CURTIS & BOYCE, in Pennsylvania, close to the Ohio line;—

AMERICAN CANNEL COAL.—We have for several days been burning an

article of fuel but little known, we believe in our market. The "American cannel coal," however, unless we greatly over-estimate its value, is destined not only to become well and extensively known but to be highly appreciated. For grates, we have seen no fuel equal to it. It is easily ignited, burns cheerfully, gives out fervent heat, and though bituminous, emits no offensive smell. There is less wastage and less of cinders and dust, from this coal, than any other we have used. It seems, indeed, to combine the good qualities of anthracite and bituminous coal, while in a great degree exempted from the disadvantages of both.

We learn, upon inquiry, that this valuable vein of coal is situated about a hundred miles from Erie, Pa. just over the line that divides that state from Ohio. It has only been worked to advantage since the Erie Extension Canal was completed. If it can be obtained in large quantities, at prices corresponding with those paid for the best qualities of coal from the south, it cannot fail, we think, to take the place, for consumption in grates, of Lehigh and Peach Mountain.

Fine Arts.

MR. GEORGE HARVEY.—We have often, before now, and with sincere satisfaction to ourselves, had occasion to call attention to the artistical labors of this elegant and tasteful painter. His specimens of the peculiar scenery and atmospheric effects of American landscape entitle him to a large measure of gratitude and encouragement from his fellow-citizens. That subject however is not the matter on which we have now to enlarge, but two others both of which are intimately connected with the promotion of the Fine Arts. More than two years ago we endeavoured to impress upon him the absolute necessity which existed for the duties of a few competent drawing masters in this large and flourishing city, without whom we felt and do feel assured that Art must continue to languish here, however wealthy the community and however great the aptitude to foster a right taste for it; and from the nature of his qualifications, we ventured to express our opinion that satisfactory emoluments would accrue to him by occupying some portion of his time to so important a task, as well as the gratification he must derive from the consciousness that he was forwarding the interests of a profession he loved. We pleaded in vain, for Mr. H. who has not to depend entirely on his profession for support, had grown enamoured of the country and of the improvements of his country Paradise, and we have from time to time given utterance to our wishes on the subject by occasional articles in our Journal. Our labours have not been lost, nevertheless, for, to our great delight we find that Mr. Harvey has pondered over the subject, and has finally resolved to dedicate some time to the cultivation of this field of instruction, in which it may be truly said that "the harvest is great, but the laborers (worthy of the name) are few." He has quitted his rural abode and is now making up classes and attending private pupils as a Teacher of Drawing among us. Thus at length here is an accomplished master of his Art, who we are sure will not sit down satisfied with the mere performance of copying on the part of his pupils, but will instil the principles of design, perspective colouring, and chiaroscuro; he will shew them what is pleasing and artistical and why it is so: they will learn to admire or reject according to the rules of science and the principles of taste. Instead of one Harvey, however, we would that there were ten, so earnestly resolved to nourish the Fine Arts as we are sure he will, for here is abundance of room, and the desire for such masters will rapidly spring up. Pretenders, heaven knows, are in plenty, but they have created the very grievances over which true Art mourns.

The second subject to which we alluded above is, the departments of Art in which Mr. Harvey peculiarly excels. These are Landscape, Flower and Fruit, and Still-life painting, and Miniature. Upon these subjects we have recently seen a beautiful collection executed by him, and we understand that it is his purpose to relieve the hours of tuition by practising in these departments for sale. His Studio is at No. 11 Park Place, Broadway, and his collection of Paintings may be seen at any time every day. We would strongly recommend to ladies to inspect his groups of flowers, fruits, &c.: and generally we would refer our readers to his "Card" in our advertising columns.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—A piece of justice was done here, which we are only surprised has been postponed so long. The splendid collection of Statuary, Casts, Alti and Bassi Relievi, and other specimens of articles connected with Sculpture possessed by the National Academy of Design of this city, were exhibited during the last three days of the past week, and were of course visited by immense numbers. The number of original works is certainly small, but the castings are of the finest description, from the most masterly designs, and for the most part of the original sizes. Among them are the "Venus unrobing," "Venus of the Bath," "Venus and Cupid," "Venus with the apple of the Hesperides," the "Venus de Medicis," a "Kneeling Venus," and several small duplicates of these; a bust of "Apollo" the "Apollo Belvidere" several subjects of "Cupids" and of "Cupid and Psyche," Canovas "Graces," "Boxers," the "Laocoon," "Drunken Faun," "Dancing Faun," a fine "Ceres," a "Ganymede," "Silenus and Infant Bacchus," two very fine "Mercuries" the "Farnesian Hercules," of colossal size, the "Fighting Gladiator," the "Dying Gladiator," "Germanicus," a group of "Milo and a Lion," very beautiful, several very excellent Torsi and in short a collection of great importance in the study of the Fine Arts. These are unfortunately—and we think injudiciously—never seen at the annual exhibitions, and after asking why? we were informed that ladies might not approve it; this argument had an immediate practical refutation for among the number of visitors at that moment present, more than two thirds were ladies. But what we want to impress is that at the National Academy of Design here are ample opportunities of study, and first-rate specimens for the students amounting altogether to more than a hundred. We trust that henceforth they will form a department of the general exhibition, or at least that they may be annually laid open to public inspection.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

We alluded, last week, to a "festival concert" to be given on Monday evening next at the Tabernacle by Mr. U. C. Hill, and we perceive with great pleasure that it is likely to deserve well the title bestowed upon it. Mr. Hill has catered well as the following will show; we understand the purposes to give the Overtures to "Guillaume Tell" by Rossini, and that of "the Ruler of the Spirits" by Weber; several splendid choruses, particularly that which forms the finale of the first act of Weber's "Euryanthe," and which has never yet been performed in America; the "Marche Marocaine" of Leopold de Meyer in full orchestra as instrumented by the celebrated Berlioz and performed in Paris with such distinguished success, under the direction of Leopold de Meyer himself. Besides all these he will have the vocal assistance of Madame Otto, being her first appearance since her return from Europe, of Miss Northall, of Mr. Aupick who, as we learn, is an excellent *Basso Cantante*, and of Mr. Shepperd, Mr. Boucher, the celebrated violoncellist, and Mr. J. A. Kyle the distinguished flautist will severally perform *obligati*, Mr. Marks will lead, Mr. Timm will preside at the Pianoforte, and Mr. Hill himself will conduct. The Tabernacle will be completely filled, of course, but fortunately there is not such an annoyance as *crowding* in that house. Mr. Hill who has a real German taste for the magnificent in music, has provided an orchestra of 250 voices and nearly 100 instruments, and has prepared a treat such as never, perhaps, has been given to an American audience.

MISS BRAMSON'S CONCERT.—This wonderful child, who has greatly attracted the admiration of the musical world wherever she has performed on the Pianoforte, will give a "farewell" concert on Tuesday evening next at Niblo's Saloon. This charming Pianist is but ten years of age, yet possesses the powers not often attained by persons of twenty; and she will be assisted on this occasion by her younger sister, who is but seven years old. Miss Windmuller, Mr. Gibert, and Mr. A. Phillips will take the vocal parts of the concert, Mr. Timm will preside at the Piano, and Mr. Geo. Loder will conduct. It will doubtless be an elegant affair; the particulars will be found in our advertising columns.

ORATORIO OF ST. PAUL.—This magnificent composition by Mendelssohn will be performed on Thursday evening the 27th inst. at the Tabernacle with a full orchestra, and powerful vocal strength, both of principal singers and chorus. Mr. Timm will preside at the Organ, and Mr. Geo. Loder will conduct. We are much pleased to perceive that under such auspices so many fine sacred compositions are brought to public notice, and we augur from the experiment much advantage to the cause of music generally.

CONCERT OF MRS. V MOTT JR.—Our vocal world has received a valuable accession in this lady, who is said to be a Contralto of deep and rich tones. Mrs. V. Mott, jr. will make her first appearance in public on Thursday evening next, (13th inst.) at the Apollo Rooms, where she will give a miscellaneous concert, assisted by Sig. Rapetti the celebrated violinist, Mr. P Mayer, Mr. Timm, Mr. J. A. Kyle and Mr. Loder. We learn that Mrs. V Mott, jr. was long a favourite pupil of *Crielli*, who is considered by many as the best singing master of our day; she has likewise been under the instruction of Guglielmo, and of Sir Henry Bishop, from all of whom she has testimonials of high approbation. A powerful contralto has been long wanted in professional musical circles and this lady we trust will ably supply the desideratum.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER AT THE TABERNACLE.—The concert of this admirable pianist took place last night; the large room of the Tabernacle was certainly crowded and doubtless will be crammed again if L. de Meyer gives another concert next week. We are sorry it is not possible for us to speak to day of this great musical treat, but though we cannot give an account of the performances we are able at least to say what pieces were played. These were the new *Russian airs*, which are Russian only by name and are in reality the composition of L. de Meyer; the *Carnival of Venice*, the *Overture to William Tell* and the famous *Marche Marocaine*. Those who have heard Liszt in the *Overture to William Tell* will be able to judge how astonishing is L. de Meyer; and they will listen with curiosity to the *Carnival of Venice* so often played here by Ole Bull and Vieuxtemps. For real amateurs it is more than an ordinary treat, it is a matter of study and observation.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—The great attraction here,—and it is a great one in reality—is the appearance Madame Augusta the danseuse. She played for the first time since her return to the United States, on Tuesday evening last, and the house was crowded to suffocation, to welcome back this graceful and beautiful artiste. The performance was "The Bayadere," in which she was the Zoloe and she both acted and danced the character with all her former excellence. The piece was well got up, but we regret to observe that the machinery of this house is frequently out of order, and it was so on this first night of the ballet. It is lamentable to reflect upon the broken bones, dislocations, sprains, and accidents which befall artistes in a theatre where these things are not duly looked to, say nothing of the marring effects upon the piece itself which may happen to be in representation, nor of the injury to the reputation of a dancer who has anything of trepidation on the mind for fear of a mishap—a very great cause of mishap by the bye, for a dancer ought to be able to adopt a complete *abandon* in every *tour* whether of force or skill. The singing was but moderately good; the best of it was that in the *Ninka* of Miss Moss.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—The little pet theatre is literally crammed every night, and the peals of laughter resound in every direction near its neighbourhood. Mr. Walcott has returned here; his reception on Monday evening was most flattering, and he seemed determined to deserve it, for he played Don Cesar de Bazan, in capital style.]

Cricket's Chronicle.

THE ST. GEORGE'S CRICKET CLUB OF NEW YORK, have been obliged to vacate their Ground, as it is wanted in the course of the city improvements and enlargement. The new thirty first street runs right through the middle of it, and the work of constructing it is already begun. The Club, however, has been successful in obtaining a ground infinitely superior to that which they have given up. It is situated on the third Avenue, about 59th street, and consists of that large, flat, circular piece about half a mile in circumference where formerly there used to be trotting matches. We believe that the Club will now cultivate the noble exercise of Cricket with greater care than ever; it may justly be called the Parent Cricket Club of the United States, and we doubt not that it will hereafter be appealed to and consulted, as if it were the Marylebone Club of this continent. It is intended to prepare the ground and manage it with the greatest solicitude, and it will not be used for any purpose whatever except that of the St. George's Cricket Club and of friendly antagonists in the course of insuing matches.

Literary Notices.

DR. DURBIN'S OBSERVATIONS IN THE EAST, 2 vols.—New York: Harper and Brothers.—These highly attractive and important volumes form the promised sequel to the Author's "*Observations in Europe*," published several months ago. The style of the author is quite up to the spirit of the day, picturesque, forcible and direct,—his matter is, for a work on this oft-travelled country,—remarkably fresh and novel: and if his former volumes were popular, and we believe they were to an eminent degree, these, their successors cannot fail of becoming even more so. The tour of Palestine is always full of interest, provided we have an intelligent and communicative guide; as such we strongly recommend this work to our readers. There are in the work some peculiar and valuable suggestions touching the Exode of the Israelites, and also the policy and pursuits of Mehemet Ali and the present state of Egypt, &c. The work is copiously embellished by numerous fine engravings on steel—the best we have seen for some time past.

HAZLITT'S LECTURES ON THE COMIC POETS, &c.—New York: Wiley & Putnam.—The enterprising publishers here named are giving ample proof both of their design and their ability to put forth a Series of "Books which are books;" of books which can amuse the leisure hours, and which instruct whilst they entertain; of books which are worthy of perusal to every rational mind, but which do not minister to pedantry; the learned and abstruse thinker would call them light reading, the mere vacuous reader only would think them almost too serious; hence they will be found in that delightful middle region of reflection which is like a charming contemplative repose to a rational being. The work before us has already gone through its ordeal of criticism, and stands acknowledged as a British Classic. It will therefore be welcomed by the patrons of this fine series.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD—By Oliver Goldsmith.—New York: Wiley & Putnam.—It would indeed be a work of supererogation to dwell on the merits of this charming fiction; for where is the language of the civilized world into which it has not been translated,—and where are the civilized people who do not read it with avidity and pleasure? It is a thrice worthy adjunct to the "Library of choice Reading."

LIFE OF BENVENUTO CELLINI—2 vols.—New York: Wiley and Putnam.—By common consent this is considered one of the most interesting specimens of Autobiography that the world possesses; and this too on numerous accounts. It is the life of one who stood in the highest rank of art; of one who was honoured and cherished by the most powerful princes of his day, and who took no small part in public affairs; of one who was the compatriot of many of the brightest geniuses that have appeared in the world, and the contemporary of many others of the same description. Autobiography is peculiarly useful and acceptable in the literary world for this reason,—the writer has access in his own bosom to many a thought, feeling, and actuating motive, at which a biographer could never arrive, however vast the accumulation of papers, anecdotes, or recollections possessed by him; and an autobiographer, who writes faithfully from his heart, unconsciously describes himself more intimately and correctly than any one else could do by the greatest pains. This is a highly acceptable work.

SIGNOR FORNICA—Translated from the German of Hoffmann.—New York: Wm. Taylor.—A Series of tales from the German is here commenced, and the publishers inform us that it will be followed by others from such pens as those of Zschokke, Tieck, and other of the best German school of fiction. If they be well selected, and well translated, they are sure to prove acceptable. In the tale before us, there are related "some of the mad pranks of Salvator Rosa, and Don Pasquale Capuzzi."

ADVENTURES OF GILBERT GURNEY—By Theodore Hook.—New York: Burgess, Stringer, & Co.—Time was when there was as great an anxiety for the successive parts of "Gurney," as for "Ten thousand a year," and therefore he work itself entire, and at a cheap rate, is likely to have an immense sale. It needs not a recommendation, the name of poor Hook, will always carry a large edition of a work into circulation.

THE LANCET—This is a republication of the celebrated medical and surgical periodical so much esteemed in England. Its value is well known among the faculty everywhere.

MARTIN'S ILLUSTRATED BIBLE, Part XI.—New York: G. Virtue.—This splendid edition of the Holy Scriptures is in steady course of publication, and its illustrations are of the highest style of art. The public may judge of the

latter fact, when they learn that each of the engravings, though only for a quarto work, costs four hundred dollars.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, FOR OCTOBER, 1845—The reprint of Blackwood is in as great request as ever, in the United States, and is executed in approved style.

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE, FOR NOV., and the KNICKERBOCKER for the same month, are duly put forth, and will keep up the high reputation they have earned.

THE TREASURY OF HISTORY, No 10, is now published, and contains as follows: 1. The conclusion of the history of Venice. 2. A comprehensive sketch of the history of Rome—The Republic—The Empire—The States of the Church. 3. Histories of Naples, Sicily, Geneva, Sardinia, Bavaria, and Hanover. 4. An outline sketch of Greece. 5. The history of India, Persia, and Arabia. 6. The commencement of the History of China. This single number, for 25 cents, contains an epitome of knowledge which might be sought for in vain through a thousand ponderous volumes. Two more numbers complete the work. It Published, and for sale, by Daniel Adee, 107 Fulton-st., N. Y.

DR. BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

Security to the Patrons of Brandreth's Pills.
NEW LABELS.

☞ The New Labels on a Single Box of the Genuine Brandreth's Pills, contain 5063 LETTERS!!!

IN consequence of the great variety of counterfeit Labels of PRETENDED Brandreth's Pills, and which, in many instances, so nearly resembles in outward appearance the genuine of the old style, as often to deceive the unwary, Dr. Brandreth, acting under a sense of duty to the public, has employed those celebrated artists, Messrs. Perkins and Durand, who have succeeded in producing, at a great cost, three new Labels, from steel plates, of extreme difficulty of execution, and of so complicated a nature, as to amount to an impossibility of imitation, being considered by judges a master piece in the art of engraving.

The border of the top, and also of the under label, is composed of the most elaborate and chaste patterns of lace-work. To crown the climax of these beautiful labels, the paper upon which they are printed, is previously printed with red ink, after a design so exquisite and so minute as to defy competition; the top and the under label each contain the words "BENJAMIN BRANDRETH'S PILLS," written in red ink nearly two hundred times—the top and under Label containing, therefore, upwards of five thousand letters.

There is also upon the top, the under, and the side label, two signatures of Dr. Brandreth; one being his regular signature, thus—B. Brandreth; and the other, his full signature, thus—Benjamin Brandreth; both being fac-similes of the writing of Dr. Brandreth, to imitate which is forgery!

The Brandreth Pills having these labels upon them, can be relied upon as true and genuine.

☞ Remember, Druggists are not permitted to sell my Pills—if you purchase of them you will obtain a counterfeit.

B. BRANDRETH, M.D.

Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office for these celebrated Pills is at 241 Broadway; also at 274 Bowery, and 211 Hudson Street, New York; Mrs. Booth's, No. 5 Market Street, Brooklyn.

MISS BRAMSON'S FAREWELL CONCERT.

MISS JOSEPHINE BRAMSON, (aged 10 years), assisted by her sister, Miss HARRIET BRAMSON, (aged 7 years), respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she will give her FAREWELL CONCERT, at Noble's Saloon, on TUESDAY EVENING, Nov. 11, 1845, on which occasion she will be assisted by the following talented artists:—Miss WINDMULLER, Mmes. LOUIS GIBERT, Mr. AUSTIN PHILLIPS, and an ORCHESTRA comprising the first talent of the city, under the direction of Mr. GEORGE LODER. Piano Forte (from T. A. Chambers, 355 Broadway,) Mr. HENRY C. TIMM.

PART I.

Overture in D. Full Orchestra Kalliwoda.
Aria—Miss Windmuller, "Das Alpenhorn," (Corno Obligato) Procn.
Grand Fantasia—Miss Bramson, "Le Merce D'Otello," with full Orchestra Herz
Ballad—"I'll watch for thee," Mr. A. Phillips, arranged by Phillips.
Duetto—Piano Forte, Miss Bramson and Miss Harriet Bramson
French Arias—Mmes. Gibert, "Les Hirondelles," Felicien David.
Et "Le Bon Cure," L. Puget.

PART II.

Overture—Der Freyschutz Weber.
Cavatina—Miss Windmuller, (from the Opera I Capuletti) "So Romeo," Mercante.
Air Francaise—"Petit Fleur des Bois," Mmes. Gibert Masini.
Due to—Piano Forte, Miss Bramson and Miss Harriet Bramson
Ballad—"Gone was the night," Mr. A. Phillips A. Phillips.
Concerto—Piano Forte, Miss Bramson, with full Orchestra Czerny.

☞ Tickets \$1.—Children under 12 years of age 50 cents. Doors open at 7. To commence at 8 o'clock.

Certificates presented to Miss Josephine Bramson, by thirty-one eminent professors of Music:—

"We have had the pleasure of hearing Miss Josephine Bramson at a private party, and must confess that we never heard a child of ten years of age play on the Piano Forte with all the rapidity, the precision, the steady time-keeping, and the taste of an adult professor. She throws more force also into the volumes of her tones, than we could have supposed her physical strength could accomplish. We feel confident she is destined to rival the greatest pianist thus far known. Professors of New York—Piero Maroncelli, Michele Rapetti, Geo. Loder, A. P. Heinrich, J. A. Kyle, Austin Phillips, Julius Metz, H. C. Hill, G. W. Thos Jones. Professors of Philadelphia—S. Ehrlich, B. G. Cross, J. D. Conant, Edw. Barton, Joseph Plicht, C. Jarvis, F. Dorigo, A. Reinhardt, C. F. Solte, Vincent Smith, Augustus Carnisi. Professors of Baltimore—Samuel Carusi, H. A. Allen, P. Petri, A. Metz. Professors of Hartford—W. J. Babcock, H. W. Groatorex, V. C. Taylor, Jas. Barnet, Jos. Monds, Carl Lorenz. nov. 8

SOIREE MUSICALE.

MRS. VALENTINE MOTT, Jr., (Pupil of Signor Crevillo, and member of the Royal Academy of Music), respectfully informs her friends and the public, that at the request of numerous families, she will make her first appearance in public, on Thursday evening, 13th of Nov., 1845, at the Apollo Saloon; when she will be assisted by the following eminent artists, viz:—Signor Rapetti, Violin; Mr. Phillip Mayer; Mr. Henry C. Timm; Mr. John A. Kyle; and Mr. George Loder.

Tickets \$1, to be obtained at the principal Music Stores, and the residence of Mrs. Mott, 622 Broadway. Nov. 8-11.

ST. PAUL.

MEDELSSOHN'S MAGNIFICENT ORATORIO OF ST. PAUL will be performed at the Tabernacle, on Thursday Evening, 27th Nov., under the direction of MR. GEORGE LODER.

Mr. H. C. TIMM will preside at the Organ.

TICKETS FIFTY CENTS EACH.

Rehearsal every Thursday Evening, 450 Broadway. Persons wishing to become subscribers will please send their address to the undersigned previous to the 20th inst. nov. 8-31.

H. MEIGGS, 446 Broadway.

FESTIVAL CONCERT.

U. C. HILL has the pleasure to announce that he will give a FESTIVAL CONCERT, on Monday Evening, Nov. 10, at the Broadway Tabernacle, on which occasion he will be assisted by the Members of the PHILHARMONIC, and NEW YORK SACRED MUSIC SOCIETIES, and other distinguished Musical ability of this City, who have volunteered their services; the whole forming an array of Vocal and Instrumental talent never before presented at a Concert in America.

On this occasion the following overtures will be performed:—"Guillaume Tell," Rossini; The "Ruler of the Spirits," first time; Weber; and for the first time in this country, the following Operatic Choruses, by an adequate number of Performers: The "Prayer," (Moses in Egypt), Rossini; "The Stars are brightly beaming," (Percussus), Wagner; The Tramp Chorus and Solos, Bishop; "Vive le Roi," Balfe; The Finale of the First Act of Euryanthe; (First time in America), Weber; Consisting of Solo and Quartet, with full Chorus of Warriors and Villagers.

The Orchestra will consist of 350 Voices and nearly 100 Instruments. Mr. H. MARKS, Leader of the Orchestra, (By permission of Wm. Mitchell, Esq.) Mr. TIMM will preside at the Piano Forte. The whole under the direction of Mr. U. C. HILL. Concert to commence at 8 o'clock.

Tickets \$1 each.—For sale at the Music Stores, and at Saxton & Miles's, 905 Broadway, Leavitt & Trow's, 191 Broadway, Appleton & Co.'s, 200 Broadway, Nesbitt's, cor. Wall and Water-sts., J. P. Perkins's, 80-1 Wall-st., J. A. Sparks, 161 Fulton-st., H. Meigs, 446 Broadway, George Whitlock, 88 Canal-st., and at the door on the evening of the performance. Nov. 8-11.

MARTIN'S

ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE,

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER FLETCHER, D.D.

This day, the 1st Nov., will be published Parts 1 to 11,

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

THE ELEVENTH PART contains a beautiful Steel Engraving by one of the first London Artists, from a splendid Painting by "Schoopin." Every part contains an Illustrated Steel Engraving at a cost of not less than 400 dollars each. Nov. 8-11.

GEO. VIRTUE, 26 John Street.

A CARD.—Mr. GEORGE HARVEY, having been requested by a few distinguished Ladies to give Lessons in DRAWING and PAINTING, is desirous to form two or three classes more. He has taken rooms for the winter at No. 11 Park Place, one of which is suitable for a class of six pupils, while another will be used for the exhibition of his various works.

The time not occupied in teaching will be devoted to Painting and Pictorial Illustrations. His terms, for single lessons, at the Pupil's residence, or for classes, may be known by inquiring at his studio. Nov. 8-11.

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES, BY J. T. WILLISTON, Dealer in Watches, No. 1 Courtlandt Street, Up-stairs, cor. Broadway.—All Watches sold at this establishment, warranted to perform well, or the money refunded. Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, and Jewelry, repaired in the best manner at the lowest prices. Arrangements have been made with Mr. Wm. A. Gamble, whose reputation as watch repairer is unapproached, having been engaged for nine years in the most celebrated manufactories in Europe, enables him to repair the most complicated work that can be produced.

☞ Trade work promptly done on reasonable terms. T. J. WILLISTON, Nov. 8-11. No. 1 Courtlandt Street, Up Stairs.

JOHN HERDMAN & CO'S OLD ESTABLISHED UNITED STATES,

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND EMIGRANT OFFICE,

61 South Street, New York.

HERDMAN, KEENAN & CO., Liverpool.

PASSAGE to and from Great Britain and Ireland by the regular Liverpool packet ships, sailing every five days. The subscribers in calling the attention of old countrymen and the public generally, to their unequalled arrangements for bringing out persons here by their friends, beg to state, that after this year the business of the house at Liverpool will be conducted by its branch, under the name of Herdman, Keenan & Co. Those sending for their friends through this establishment, will at once see the great importance of having a branch of the house in Liverpool, as it will preclude all unnecessary delay of the emigrant. The ships employed in this line are well known to be of the first and largest class, and very fast sailers, commanded by kind and experienced men; and as they sail every five days from Liverpool, offers every facility that can be furnished. With such superior arrangements, the subscribers look forward for a continuation of that patronage which has been so liberally extended to them for so many years past, and in case of any of them engaged do not embark, the passage money will be refunded as customary.

The steamboat passage from the various ports to Liverpool, can also be secured, if required.

Drafts and Bills of Exchange.—Those remitting money to their friends may rely it will be done satisfactorily by their remitting the amount they wish sent, at the rate of \$5 per pound sterling, with the name and address of the person for whom it is intended. A draft will then be forwarded per first packet, ship, or steamer, and a receipt for same returned by mail. Drafts are made payable at the following Banking Institutions on demand, without any charge, viz:—

In England, Messrs. James Bult, Son & Co., Bankers, London; Messrs. J. Bamed & Co., Exchange and Discount Bank, Liverpool; National Provincial Bank of England and Branches throughout England and Wales. Yorkshire District Bank and Branches. Birmingham Banking Company, Lancaster Banking Company.

In Ireland—National Bank of Ireland, and Provincial Bank of Ireland, and their branches in all the principal towns throughout the country.

In Scotland, Greenock Banking Company; in Glasgow and Greenock, Eastern Bank of Scotland and Branches.

For further particulars, apply, if by letter, post-paid, to JOHN HERDMAN & CO., 61 South-st., N. York. HERDMAN, KEENAN & CO., Liverpool.

N.B.—First class ships are despatched from New York to New Orleans, Mobile, Charleston, and Savannah, during the fall of each year, by which freight and passengers are taken at the lowest rates. We will also be prepared to forward passengers and their baggage, on arrival from Europe, to all parts of the interior, by the efficient canal and railroad routes, at the lowest rates. Nov. 8-11.

FLOWERS, BOUQUETS, &c.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has always on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with plans. Ap 20 11.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

GENTLEMEN or Families going to Europe or elsewhere, who would disencumber themselves of their superfluous effects such as WEARING APPAREL, either Ladies or Gentlemen's, JEWELRY, FIRE ARMS, &c. &c., by sending for the Subscriber, will obtain a liberal and fair price for the same. H. LEVETT, Office No. 2 Wall-street, N.Y.

Families and gentlemen attended at their residence by appointment.

☞ All orders left at the Subscriber's Office, or sent through the Post Office, will be punctually attended to. My 24-11.

AMERICAN ART-UNION, 322 BROADWAY.

NOTICE.—For the greater convenience of the Members of this Institution, and those desirous of becoming Members, the rooms of the Art-Union will be lighted up every fair evening, (Sunday excepted), from 7 till 10 o'clock, until further notice.

Subscribers are again respectfully requested to obtain their certificates as early as possible, so as to facilitate the business of the Institution, and avoid confusion and disappointment on the eve of distribution.

Nov. 1-31.

R. F. FRASER, Superintendent.

CASTLE GARDEN.

THESE spacious premises have at length been opened in most excellent style; no description can adequately convey a notion of its numerous excellencies. The Italian Opera Troupe are there, the Ellsler Brothers, the unsurpassed Cline, all the Orchestral talent of the City, and on Sundays, there will be a selection of Sacred Music for the Million, at 12½ cents Admission—the seriously disposed may view the great works of the Creator from the promenade outside the walls, while the more cheerful may lift up their hearts in Sacred Song. Operas on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

REGULAR MAIL LINE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BOSTON, VIA STONINGTON AND PROVIDENCE, AND VIA NEWPORT, composed of the following very superior and well known Steamers, running in connection with the Stonington and Providence Railroads and the Boston and Providence Railroads:—

MASSACHUSETTS, of 600 tons, Capt. Comstock.
MOHEGAN, 400 tons, Capt. —
NARRAGANSETT, 600 tons, Capt. Manchester.
RHODE ISLAND, 1000 tons, Capt. Thayer.
Under the new arrangement, which will offer increased comfort and advantage to travellers and shippers of freight, the line will be established daily on and after the 10th April, leaving New York, Boston and Providence every afternoon, (Sundays excepted.)
Will leave New York at 5 o'clock P.M. from Battery Place.
Will leave Boston at 4½ P.M.
Will leave Providence at 6 P.M.
Will leave Newport at 8 P.M.
Will leave Stonington at 9 P.M.
Via Stonington, the MASSACHUSETTS, Capt. Comstock, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5 P.M.
Via Stonington and Newport, the NARRAGANSETT, Capt. Manchester, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 5 P.M.
Passengers on arrival of the Steamers at Stonington, will be immediately forwarded in the Railroad Cars to Providence and Boston.
For passage or freight, apply on board at north side of pier 1, 22 Broadway, or office of Saml. Deveau, freight agent, on the wharf.
Tickets for the route, and steamer's berths, can be secured on board, or at the office of Harnden & Co., 6 Wall Street.

G. B. CLARKE.

FASHIONABLE TAILOR.

No. 132 William Street, 3 doors West of Fulton.

G. B. CLARKE returns thanks for the extensive patronage bestowed on his establishment during the last twelve months, and at the same time would inform the readers of "The Anglo American," that his charges for the first quality of Garments is much below that of other Fashionable Houses located in heavier rented thoroughfares. The style of the work will be similar to that of Budge, Tryon & Co., with whose establishment G. B. C. was for a long period connected.

GENERAL SCALE OF PRICES.

Fine Cloth Dress Coats from.....	\$16.00 to \$20.00
" " Blk Cass Pants (Dooskin).....	6.00 to 8.50
" " Satin Vests of the very best quality.....	3.50 to 4.50
PRICES FOR MAKING AND TRIMMING.	
Dress Coats.....	\$7.50 to \$9.00
Pants and Vests.....	1.50 to 2.00

John Clarke, formerly of 29 New Bond Street, London.

A Specimen Coat always to be seen.

(Mr8-tf.)

G. B. CLARKE, 132 William Street.

ALEXANDER WATSON, Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Office No. 77 Nassau Street—House No. 426 Broome Street—Office hours from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. A. W. will take Acknowledgments of Deeds and other instruments in all parts of the City, without any extra charge. (My24-1v)

WELLINGTON HOTEL, TORONTO.

CORNER OF WELLINGTON (LATE MARKET) AND CHURCH STREETS.

THE Subscribers beg to announce that the above Hotel, situate in the centre of business, and adjacent to the Steamboat Landings and Stage Office, has been newly furnished with the utmost regard to the comfort of Families and Travellers. The business will be conducted by Mr. INGLIS, who, for seven years, Superintended the North American Hotel, while occupied by Mr. Wm. Campbell.

The Table will be plentifully supplied with the Substantials and Luxuries of the Season, and the Cellar is stocked with a selection of the choicest WINES and LIQUORS. From their experience, and a strict attention to the comfort and convenience of their Guests, they re-perfectly solicit a share of public patronage.

Excellent and Extensive Stabling attached to the Hotel.

(My31-tf.)

BELL & INGLIS.

M. RADER, 46 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety.

Leaf Tobacco for Segar Manufacturers, and Manufactured Tobacco. (Ju7-ly.)

TAPSCOTT'S GENERAL EMIGRATION OFFICE,
SOUTH STREET, CORNER MAIDEN LANE.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR 1845.

PERSONS about sending for their friends in any part of the Old Country are respectfully informed by the Subscribers, that the same system that characterized their house, and gave such unbounded satisfaction the past year, will be continued through the season of 1845.

The great increase in this branch of their business, and to give satisfaction to all parties, necessitates one of the firm to remain in Liverpool to give his personal attention to the same, therefore the departure of every passenger from that place will be superintended by Mr. WM. TAPSCOTT, and the utmost confidence may be felt that those sent for will have quick despatch and proper care taken by him to see them placed on board ship in as comfortable a manner as possible. Better proof that such will be the case cannot be adduced than the punctual and satisfactory manner in which the business was transacted through the past emigrating season. The ships for which the Subscribers are Agents comprise the

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE ST. GEORGE'S LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS AND THE UNITED LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

Making a ship from Liverpool every five days—the possibility of delay is therefore precluded. The well established character of these Lines renders further comment unnecessary; suffice it therefore to say, that the Subscribers guarantee to give satisfaction to all parties who may send for their friends through them. In all cases where those sent for decline coming out, the full amount of money paid for their passage will be refunded. A free passage to Liverpool from any port in Ireland or Scotland can be secured. Apply or address (post paid),

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DAGUERREOTYPES

PLUMBE DAGUERRIAN GALLERY & PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPOT, 251 Broadway corner of Murray-street, (over Tenney's Jewelry Store), awarded the Medal, four Premiums, and two "highest honors," at the Exhibitions at Boston, New York, and Philadelphia respectively, for the best Pictures and Apparatus ever exhibited.

Price of these superb Photographs reduced to that of ordinary ones at other places so that no one need now sit for an ordinary likeness on the score of economy.—Taken in any weather.

Plumbe's Premium and German Camera, Instructions, Plates, Cases, &c. &c., for wanted to any desired point, at lower rates than by any other manufactory.

WANTED—Two or three skilful operators. Apply as above. (Mr29.)

DRAFTS ON GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

PERSONS wishing to remit money to their friends in any part of England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, can be supplied with drafts payable at sight without discount for any amount from £1 upwards, at the following places, viz:—

IN ENGLAND—The National and Provincial Bank of England; Messrs. J. BARNED & Co., Exchange and Discount Bank, Liverpool; Messrs. Jas. BULL, Son & Co., London—and branches throughout England and Wales.

IN IRELAND—The National Bank of Ireland, and Provincial Bank and branches throughout Ireland.

IN SCOTLAND—The Eastern Bank of Scotland, National Bank of Scotland, Greenock Banking Company, and branches throughout Scotland.

(My10-tf.)

W & J. T. TAPSCOTT, South-st., cor. Maiden Lane.

HOTEL DE PARIS.

ANTOINE VIGNES, one of the late proprietors of the Perkins' House, Boston, respectfully informs his friends and the travelling public, that he has opened the house No. 290 Broadway, entrance on Reade Street, called the HOTEL DE PARIS, where he will be happy to accommodate those who may patronise him, with Board and Lodging, by the day, week or month, on the most reasonable terms.

The table will be furnished with the best the market affords, and the Wines and Liquors of very superior quality.

Oct. 4-3m.

MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

297 Broadway, New York.

F. RILEY & Co., (one of the oldest publishing houses and manufacturers of Instruments in the U. S.), keep constantly on hand a well assorted stock of Music, to which they add constantly, their own and all the new publications as soon as issued, which with their stock of Instruments (manufactured by themselves and imported) and other Musical merchandise enables them to fill any order they may be favored with in the United States, Canada, or the West Indies, with promptness and despatch.

Military bands supplied, and Instruments warranted. Orders from Schools and Academies solicited.

Sept. 13-3m.

BOARDING IN SOUTH BROOKLYN—A small family are desirous of increasing their domestic circle by the addition of three or four members. They have pleasant single rooms, with conveniences for fire, which will be rented, with breakfast and tea. The locality is very desirable in Warren street near Henry, about 5 minutes walk from South Ferry. Address L. at this Office.

Oct 25tf.

MRS. MANKIN, residing in the Township of Yonkers, in Westchester, 16 miles from the city of New York, having opened a School for the Education of her own daughters, will receive ten or twelve other young Misses into her family to be educated with them.

The Fall term will commence the first Thursday in November. Circulars containing terms, &c., may be found at the office of the "Anglo American," No. 4 Barclay Street, Astor Building.

Oct 11 1m*

CHURCH—PARLOUR AND CHURCH BARREL ORGANS.

THE subscriber continues to manufacture Organs in the most superior manner, and upon liberal terms.

Also, those most useful Instruments—Church Barrel Organs—of which he was the first to introduce into this country—and for country Churches where Organists cannot be procured, they are invaluable.

He has been awarded the first Premiums, Viz. Gold and Silver Medals, for the best Organs, for the last six successive years, at the great Fair of the American Institute, of this city.

GEORGE JARDINE, Organ Builder,

83 Anthony St. New York.

Aug. 23.—6m

SPANISH GUITAR REPOSITORY,

190½ Grand Street, corner of Mot.

LADIES AND AMATEURS who are desirous of obtaining a Guitar equal to the Harp, are respectfully invited to stop at C. ROGERS's Guitar Store where their orders will be gratefully received and punctually attended to.

Good toned second-hand Guitars to loan or hire. (Sept. 13-2m*)

NEW ORGAN.

MR. GEORGE JARDINE, of this city, having lately erected an Organ in the Prot. Reformed Dutch Church in Franklin St., the subscribers cannot refrain from expressing in the present form, their unqualified approbation of the Instrument, with which they have been furnished from his manufactory.

They also feel it to be due to that gentleman, to bear their decided testimony in favour of his character and conduct, as developed in their recent business transactions with him.

A person so liberal in his terms, and true to his engagements, so honourable in his dealings and courteous in his manners, can not fail (in their opinion) to commend himself to the confidence of the Religious community, as an Organ Builder; and to secure for himself a large share of public patronage in the line of his profession.

New York, July 14, 1845.

Signed by Jas. B. Hardenberg, Pastor of the Church. Ben. Wood, John Barringer, D. T. Blauvelt, Theo. Brett, Matthew Duff, Henry Esler, Leon'd. Bleecker, Stephen Williamson, Harman Blauvelt, members of the consistory. C. N. B. Ostrander, Levi Apgar, Peter Vannest, Organ Committee.

Aug. 23—6m.

FOR THE CURE OF BALDNESS AND GREY HAIR,

BY LETTERS PATENT OF THE U. S.

CILIREHUGH'S TRICOPHEROUS cures Baldness, prevents Grey hair entirely, and eradicates Scurf and Dandruff. This article differs from all the other advertised nostrums of the day. Its manufacture is based upon a thorough physiological knowledge of the growth of the hair and its connection with the skin, as well as a knowledge of the various diseases which affect both. The Tricopherous is not intended to anoint the hair with, its application is only to the skin, and to act through the skin on the nerves, blood vessels, &c., connected with the root or bulb of the hair. Thus by keeping up the action on the skin, encouraging a healthy circulation which must not be allowed to subside, the baldest head may be again covered with a new growth, and the greyest hair changed to its original colour. It is admirably adapted as a wash for the head, having the same effect upon Scurf and Dandruff that hot water has upon sugar, clearing every furaceous appearance from the skin, which is frequently the primary cause of baldness and grey hair. In most cases one bottle will stop the hair from falling off. Principal office 305 Broadway, (up stairs), adjoining St. Paul's, and sold by all respectable Druggists and Perfumers in the principal cities of the U.S., Canada, Cuba, Brazil, &c. Sept. 6-3m.

J. BYRNE'S CHEAP CASH TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT,
No. 26 ANN STREET.

Would respectfully call the attention of the public to his following low list of prices:—

Fine Dress and Frock Coats	\$12.00
Making and Trimming	5.00 to 8.00
Cassimere Pants	4.00 to 8.00
Making and Trimming	1.50 to 2.00
Vests	3.00 to 5.00
Making and Trimming	1.50 to 2.00

The proprietor feels assured that for style and workmanship, he cannot be surpassed by any house in the city.

Gentlemen are requested to call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere.

Aug. 30-tf.

STEAM BETWEEN NEW-YORK AND LIVERPOOL.

THE Great Western Steam-ship Co.'s steam ship GREAT WESTERN, Captain Matthews; and their new Iron Steam-ship GREAT BRITAIN, Capt. Hosken, are appointed to sail during the year 1845, as follows:—

FROM LIVERPOOL.			FROM NEW-YORK.		
Great Western	Saturday	17th May	Great Western	Thursday	12th June
do	do	5th July	do	do	31st July
Great Britain	do	2d Aug.	Great Britain	Saturday	30th Aug.
Great Western	do	23d Aug.	Great Western	Thursday	18th Sept.
Great Britain	do	27th Sep.	Great Britain	Saturday	25th Oct.
Great Western	do	11th Oct.	Great Western	Thursday	10th Nov.
Great Britain	do	22d Nov.	Great Britain	Saturday	20th Dec.

Passage money per Great Western, from New-York to Liverpool, \$100, and \$5 Steward's fee.

For freight or passage, apply to RICHARD IRVIN, 98 Front-street, New-York, Jan. 27, 1845. My10-11.

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

TO sail from NEW YORK on the 26th and from LIVERPOOL on the 11th of each month:—

FROM NEW YORK.			FROM LIVERPOOL.		
SHERIDAN, Capt. F. A. Depeyster,	26 Sept.		SHERIDAN, Capt. Depeyster,	11th Nov.	
GARRICK, Capt. B. I. H. Trask,	26th Oct.		GARRICK, Capt. B. I. H. Trask,	11th Dec.	
ROSCUUS, Capt. Asa Eldridge,	26th Nov.		ROSCUUS, Capt. Asa Eldridge,	11th Jan.	
SIDDONS, Capt. E. B. Cobb,	26th Dec.		SIDDONS, Capt. E. B. Cobb,	11th Feb.	

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the city of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains or owners of the ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to E. K. COLLINS & Co., 56 South-st., N.Y., or to BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co., Liverpool.

Letters by the Packets will be charged 12 cents per single sheet, 50 cents per ounce, and newspapers 1 cent each.

Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all advertisements not in their names of their Liverpool Packets, viz:—the Roscius, Siddons, Sheridan and Garrick. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them. My24-11.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month:—

FROM NEW YORK.			FROM LIVERPOOL.		
JOHN R. SKIDDY, Wm. Skiddy, Aug. 11			WATERLOO, 900 tons, Aug. 26		
STEPHEN WHITNEY, W.C. Thompson, Sept. 11			JOHN R. SKIDDY, 1000 tons, Sept. 26		
VIRGINIAN, Chas. Hehr, Oct. 11			STEPHEN WHITNEY, 1000 tons, Oct. 26		
WATERLOO, W. H. Allen, Nov. 11			VIRGINIAN, 700 tons, Nov. 26		

The qualities and accommodations of the above ships, and the reputation of their commanders, are well known. Every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of passengers and the interests of importers. The price of cabin passage to Liverpool is fixed at \$100. The owner will not be responsible for any letter, parcel, or package sent by the above ships, for which a bill of lading is not signed. For freight or passage, apply to ROBERT KERMIT, 74 South-street. My24-11.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from New York on the 6th, and from Liverpool on the 21st of each month, excepting that when the day of sailing falls on Sunday the Ship will be dispatched on the succeeding day.

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Ashburton,	H. Hatteston,	Jan. 6, Sept. 6,	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21.
Patrick Henry,	J. C. Delano,	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6,	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21.
Independence,	F. P. Allen,	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6,	April 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.
Henry Clay,	Ezra Nye,	April 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6,	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21.

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their Cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon application to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool. My31-11.

LONDON LINE PACKETS.

TO SAIL ON THE 1ST, 10TH AND 20TH OF EVERY MONTH.

THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from New York and Portsmouth on the 1st, 10th and 20th, and from London on the 7th, 17th and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
St. James	F. R. Meyers	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20
Northumberland	R. H. Griswold	10, 10, 10	March 1, July 1, Nov. 1
Gladiator	R. L. Bunting	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Mediator	J. M. Chadwick	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1	1, 20, 20
Switzerland	G. Knight	10, 10, 10	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1
Quebec	F. B. Hebrd	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Victoria	E. E. Morgan	March 1, July 1, Nov. 1	20, 20, 20
Wellington	D. Chadwick	10, 10, 10	10 May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1
Heardrick Hulson	G. Moore	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Prince Albert	W. S. Sebor	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1	20, 20, 20
Toronto	E. G. Tinker	10, 10, 10	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1
Westminster	Hovey	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c. are of the best description.

The price of cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without wines and liquors. Neither the captains nor the owners of these packets will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed hereof. Apply to GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., or to JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st. My24-11.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York.	Days of Sailing from Liverpool.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16
England,	S. Bartlett,	June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lowber,	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1
Europe,	A. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16
New York,	Thos. B. Cropper,	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1
Columbus,	G. A. Cole,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey,	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1

These ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outward, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or C. H. MARSHALL, 36 Burling-slip, N. Y.,

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM.

The operation of this preparation is three-fold. It acts as a tonic, strengthening the digestive power, and restoring the appetite, as an aperient, peculiarly suited and gentle in its laxative effect, and as an antiseptic, purifying the fluids of the body, and neutralizing in the blood the active principle of disease. The many well authenticated cures of Scrofula of the most malignant character, wrought by Sands's Sarsaparilla, have given it a well deserved celebrity. But it is not alone in Scrofula nor in the class of diseases to which it belongs, that this preparation has been found beneficial. It is a specific in many diseases of the skin, and may be administered with favourable results in all; it also exercises a controlling influence in bilious complaints; and when the system has been debilitated either by the use of powerful mineral medicines or other causes, it will be found an excellent restorative.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its careful perusal. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary.

"TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION."—LET THE FACTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.—The following certificate is only another link in the great chain of testimony to its merits. Let the afflicted read and be convinced; what it has done once, it will do again.

Charlestown, Mass., Sept. 23, 1845.

This may certify that my son, now aged seventeen, has been for ten years afflicted with the Scrofulous Humor. At the age of seven years he had the measles, which probably caused this humor to make its appearance in a most singular way, covering his body from his head to his feet with small tumors. I consulted a Doctor of Medicine, and he examined him three days in succession, and not understanding his case, advised me to consult Dr. Rogers, of New York, I then being a resident of that city. After a long and critical examination, having more than thirty other medical gentlemen with him at the time, he pronounced it Scrofula, or King's Evil. The child was then prescribed for, and commenced taking medical drugs from that time. He grew worse until June of 1837, and then his bones became affected in consequence of the mercury that had been given him. A piece of bone came away from his under jaw, in the first place, as large as an English walnut, a piece from his forehead as large as a sixpence, and a piece from near the crown of his head. It then went to the back and side, and discharged in three places. From thence to one of his limbs, separating, in consequence of the ulceration, the muscles and cord from the bones of the ankle joint on the back part. He had at one time fifteen running sores or issues from the glands of his throat and those places I have mentioned. In 1840 I lived in Portsmouth, N.H., and he was attacked with a Rheumatic Fever, which settled in one of his hips, which swelled as large as three of the other. Being under medical treatment, they gave him suddenly until he lost his reason—then I became alarmed and sent for a Thompsonian. His medicine helped his hip and restored his mind and reason. The third time he was attacked with this fever in 1842, when hearing of Dr. Sands's Sarsaparilla, and being perfectly satisfied that all other medicines had failed of effecting a cure, I sent and procured six bottles, and by the time he had taken it all I considered him well. Those places healed—he became bright and lively—colour came to his face and lips—from that time till the fall of 1844, his complaints never troubling him. At that time he became deaf, which continued until last March, when his right eye became affected; from that to the left eye, covering the sight of the eye so that he was in a great measure deprived of sight.

Knowing that Dr. Sands's Sarsaparilla was the only medicine that had ever done him any good, I applied to Mr. Fowle, Apothecary at Boston, for more. He has taken fifteen dollars' worth, which has removed the humor from his eyes and hearing, and he now appears to be cured, and radically so. I verily believe all this latter trouble might have been avoided if I had continued thoroughly the use of Dr. Sands's Sarsaparilla when he was under the influence of the medicine the first time.

These are the simple statements of the facts of the case, and I feel it my duty to make those facts known to the public, for the benefit of those who may be afflicted in like manner: feeling a full conviction the cure has been effected solely from the effect of this invaluable medicine. HANNAH W. BECK, 228 Main st.

Suffolk, ss. Boston, Oct. 13, 1845.—Then personally appeared the above-named Hannah W. Beck, and made solemn oath that the above certificate, by her subscribed, and statements therein contained, are true.—Before me, JAMES RICE, Justice of the Peace.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained gratis. Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by

A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, 77 East Broadway, N.Y. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5. John Holland & Co., Montreal; John Musson, Quebec; J. W. Brent, Kingston; S. T. Urquhart, Toronto; T. Bickle, Hamilton, Canada; Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of cases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other. J119-11.

PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

READ the following testimonials in favor of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, which have been selected from hundreds of similar ones on account of their recent dates:—Extract of a Letter from Mr. Sinclair Touzey, Postmaster of Joslin's Corners, Madison County, N. Y.

November 4th, 1844.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen—I am requested to state to you, that Mr. J. W. Sturdevant, of Amsterdam, expresses his great satisfaction at the efficacy of Parr's Life Pills. Also, Mr. J. Fairchild, of Cazenovia in which opinion Mr. A. Bellamy, of Chittenango, also fully accords. Indeed, these Pills have superseded all others in New York state—they are not a brisk Pill, but "slow and sure," and I have never yet met with an instance where an invalid has persevered in taking them, that has not been cured of the most obstinate and long-standing dyspeptic diseases.

(Signed)

S. TOUSEY.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gents—Having used Parr's Life Pills on several occasions when attacked by violent bilious complaints, and having been fully satisfied of their efficacy, I beg leave in justice to you, as proprietors of the medicine, to testify much. Yours respectfully, WM. H. HACKETT

Long Island, Nov. 9, 1844.

New York, Nov. 2, 1844.

Sir—As I have received so much benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I feel it my duty to owe to this community, to make the facts in my case public. I was afflicted for 15 years with dyspepsia and erysipelas. I tried remedies after remedy, but none appeared to afford me any relief. At last I was induced by a friend to try a box of Parr's Life Pills, which I did, and before I had taken two boxes I found great relief. I have since taken three boxes more, and now thank God, I find myself perfectly cured of the erysipelas, and greatly relieved of the dyspepsia. Judging from my own case, I sincerely believe Parr's Life Pills is the best medicine for the above complaints, and likewise as a family medicine, yet offered to the public.—I remain, Yours respectfully, ELIZABETH BARNES, No. 19 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.

From our Agent in Philadelphia.

ASTONISHING CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

Messrs. T. Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen—Having received the greatest benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I can give you my testimony in their favour without the least hesitation. For the last five years I have been afflicted with the Liver Complaint, and the pains in my side were great, attended with considerable cough, a stopping and smothering in the throat; for three weeks before I used the Pills I was completely reduced, and had become so weak as to be almost unable to walk; and I could not sleep more than two hours of a night, so completely was my system under the influence of my complaint. I have spent over two hundred dollars for medical attendance, and all the different kinds of medicines celebrated for the cure of the Liver Complaint, without having received any permanent relief, and I can say now that since I have been using Parr's Life Pills, I have been in better health than I have experienced for the last five years. I am also stronger, I sleep as good as ever I did, and can walk any distance.

Any person who doubts these statements as incorrect, by inquiring of me shall receive more particular information. JOSEPH BARBOUR.

Poplar Lane, above Seventh Street, Spring Garden, Philadelphia.

Sold by the Proprietors, THOMAS ROBERTS & Co., 9 Crane Court, London, and 117 Fulton Street, New York and by all respectable Druggists in the United States, (Mr. 15-16.)